Saturday Review

JULY 20, 1957 / 25¢

"The crown of literature is poetry. It is its end and aim. It is the sublimest activity of the human mind. It is the achievement of beauty. The writer of prose can only step aside when the poet passes."

W. Somerset Maugham

SR's ACCENT ON POETRY • 1957

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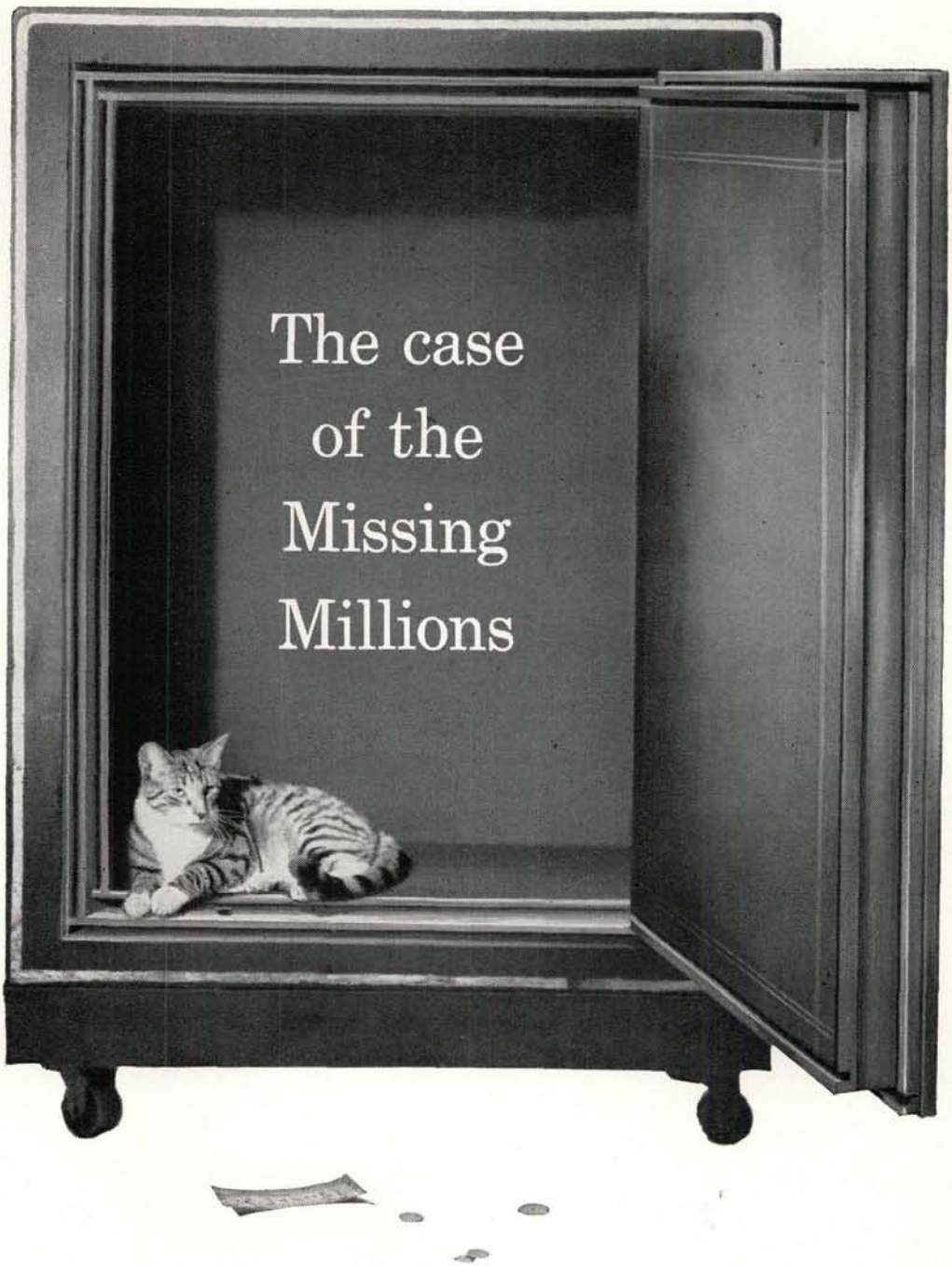

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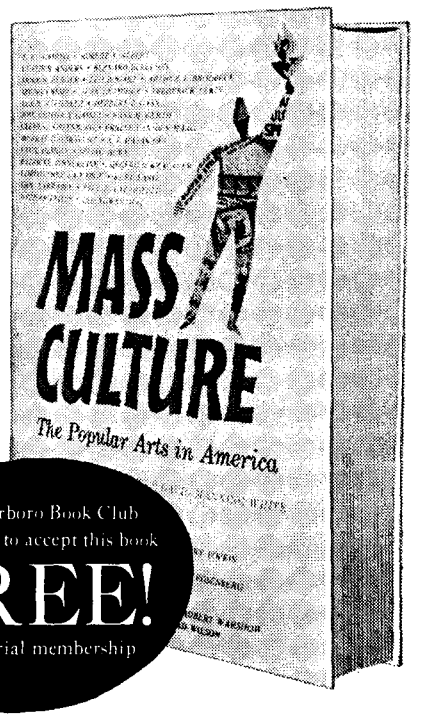

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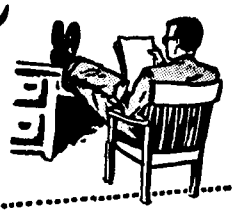

One of the hazards of this day of easy transatlantic passage and the growth of international tourism is having to listen to the rhapsodies of travelers returned from Italy.

I happen to be an enthusiast for England (probably because I have never been to Italy), but I like to read books about the southern country and one of the best I have read is the National Book Award prize-winner, "An American In Italy."

If you have read this book of Herbert Kubly's (and if you haven't, I recommend it), you may remember his account of Father Borelli, the young priest who has done such fine work in redeeming the urchins of Naples.

In a new book, "Children of the Shadows," Morris West, an Australian writer, has told at length the amazing and moving story of this man who put aside his clerical robes and became accepted by the children as one of themselves.

West gives an eye-opening picture of the conditions that produce these young people whose childhood is over at the age of five. He also discusses the official lethargy that is in part responsible for them and also the misuse of American funds intended to help them.

Although "Children of the Shadows" is deliberately written to arouse people, it is a fine book to read, having much of the quality of such Italian movies as "The Bicycle Thief." I recommend it particularly to travelers to Italy, few of whom get to see anything of the side of the country about which West is writing.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Children of the Shadows" ($3.00), by Morris West, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. "An American in Italy," ($4.50), by Herbert Kubly, is published by Simon & Schuster. Both books may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is "The Old Corner," 50 Bromfield Street, Boston 7, Mass.

The Saturday Review

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TRADE Winds

IN QUOTES: ► A typographer, setting the type for a book on German philosophers, commented: "This book is Nietzsche but not Goudy."

► The *Williamsport* (Pennsylvania) *Grit* (which incidentally has a circulation larger than either *The New York Times* or *New York Herald Tribune*) reports this sign marking the town of Stuart, Iowa: "THIS IS STUART . . . HOME OF 1,600 GOOD EGGS . . . AND A FEW STINKERS."

► A clergyman, greeted warmly and enthusiastically by a former parishioner, remarked: "I can't remember the name, but the faith is familiar."

► Harriet Friedlander, of New York, writes to report on a Greenwich

Village bookstore. An entire stall was filled with soiled and dusty books labelled: "Dirty books for sale at half price."

► The height of roadside satire is reported by Bill Rienecke, the art director. He noticed three teen agers hitchhiking—and when a midget Volkswagen approached all three hunched down almost to the ground, and continued their thumbing in unison.

► Writer Shelby Gordon, just awarded a Ford Foundation Fellowship in cinematography, comments on a recent literary tea: "A fete worse than death."

THERE IS ONE PROBLEM that dwarfs the collected total of all the woes of the human race today: Should dust-jackets be left on books after they have been placed in the home library?

Book owners are more sharply divided on this issue than on mulling or crushing mint for a julep. There is no muddy, ill-defined separation between the two groups. Either you want to keep the jackets on your books or you don't.

And you *should* want to. There is nothing warmer, more cheerful, gay, and decorative than a wall-full of books resplendent in their varicolored jackets (the protection factor of the jacket is minor, and can be hanged). Nothing can be duller and mustier than rows of books, deprived of their jackets, looking regimented and flat and emaciated—as if one had drained the blood from them. A warm, bright jacket is a wholesome temptress—and deserves the adulation any good red-blooded siren should receive.

For conscience's sake, we try to keep a fairly fair, dispassionate, objective, and clinical attitude in this column. And we do so now. Any book owner who removes the dust jacket before he places a book in his library must face total condemnation. We conjure up a monstrous plague for that whole school. They deserve little e'se.

JOHN BEAUDOUIN, OF THE *Reader's Digest* Book Club, tells us of a luncheon conversation between S. J. Perleman and Dwye Evans, head of the British publishing house of Heinemann. Mr. Evans is in the process of bringing out the British edition of Mr. Perleman's recent book, "The Road to Miltown."

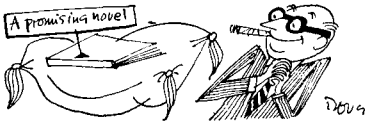
"I'm afraid," said Mr. Evans, "that we'll have to change the title for British consumption."

"You mean you don't use tranquilizers over there?" Mr. Perleman asked.

"Only to a very limited extent," said Mr. Evans. "Extremely limited."

Mr. Perleman thought for a moment, then: "Not even after Suez?"

SEVERAL SCATTERED ITEMS in the press implying that book publishers favor the cheap and sensational to the detri-



ment of mature and literate books have justifiably aroused the ire of Roger Straus, president of Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy, Inc.

To an editorial in *The New York Times*, claiming that publishers are looking only for a Hollywood sale, Mr. Straus replies:

"There may be an occasional book that is published with an eye on Hollywood, but if it is one in a thousand I should be surprised. A book publisher seldom shares to any great extent in the profits of a Hollywood or Broadway bonanza.

"The 'promising' novel, the slim esoteric book in limited edition . . . has never had a better opportunity to be published than today.

"The challenge, therefore, seems to be in the hands of the critics . . . to devote the space and the adjectives to the work that are necessary to

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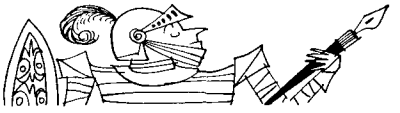
Reprint Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

call it to the attention of the general public."

To Frederick Babcock of the *Chicago Sunday Tribune*, who wrote the satirical piece, "You, Too, Can Become a Successful Novelist," Mr. Straus replies:

"For every 'cheap' book that appears, there are literally hundreds of books that are published with no thought of reward for the publisher other than his real feeling that this book and this author should have a hearing."

The book-publishing profession, we feel, can match and exceed any in the "communications" field for courage and initiative. It is, in fact, one of the last bastions of true freedom of

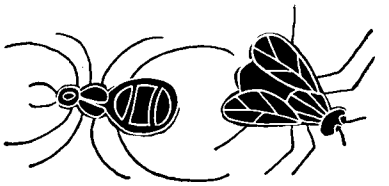


expression. The broadcasting industry is mercilessly plagued by sponsor pressure, FCC pressure, advertising agency pressure, and is totally oversensitive to audience pressure. Newspapers face similar problems. Magazines presenting fiction are sensitive and gun-shy to any reaction which might cause them to lose lineage and advertisers. Hollywood, with rare exceptions, is nervous, shaky, and intent on satisfying the fourteen-year-old mind.

Only the book publisher and the legitimate theatre producer face the iron test of public acceptance without advertising subsidy or the necessity of catering to lowered intelligence, and their record—with mistakes and anomalies granted—needs little apology.

WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN A little annoyed at the phrase "Space does not permit . . ." It seems to have a tidy arrogance all of its own. However, every once in a while it's true, especially in the case of the many replies to the departments-of-little-consequence-but-a-certain-amount-of-fun which have appeared in this column recently. A sampling of these, however, should be in order:

► **"Inversion" Stories:** Whales that have a people of a good time . . . ducks with people-bumps . . . a boy-footed bear (Sadelle Hershey, Brooklyn); the human-hearted lion (Elizabeth Nitchie, Harwich Port, Mass.); the female whale with a corset of lady-bones (Norman Davis, Port



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Chester, N. Y.); the cat who took man-naps . . . the clam that manned-up . . . the grapes who said: "Sour foxes!" (Dorothy Davis, Sierra Madre, Calif.); the man who crossed the road to get to the chicken on the other side . . . the hog who spoke a lot of man-wash (Harry Ober, Brookline, Mass.); the sardines who felt like people in the subway (Norma Neanderthal, N.Y.); the cat who let the man out of the bag (Suzanne Suskin, Kansas City, Mo.)

► **Unlikely Cocktail Rooms:** The Eloise Room at the Plaza . . . The Bottoms-up Room at the Breakers . . . The Solid Gold Room at the Cadillac . . . The Commodore Room at the Vanderbilt (Priscilla Whiley, Bronxville, N.Y.); The Which One? Room at the Roosevelt . . . The Plus Four Room at the Knickerbocker (Charles Arnold, Cincinnati, O.); The Barber Shop at the Seville (Wray Congdon, Bethlehem, Pa.); The Hanger Room at the Clift (Vivian Breckenfeld, Berkeley, Calif.); The Saddle Room at the Muehlbach (Jim Cron, Harper's); The Drew Room at the Pearson (Henry Michelson, Minneapolis).

► **Spare-the-Prefix Definitions:** *Cognito,* well-known; *maculate,* dirty; *mantle,* to set up; *trepid,* cowardly; *plussed,* confident (Delight Ansley, N.Y.)

CLEMENT L. DESPARD, the marine insurance man of impeccable taste and discernment, has clear-cut and definite ideas about his food, whether he is eating at the Racquet Club, the India House, or elsewhere. He prefers *one* of anything he orders, and has found most trouble having this request fulfilled when it comes to eggs. Invariably he will be served two eggs, and invariably his sense of conservation is offended. He did succeed, however, in persuading the waiter at Boston's Parker House to bring him *one,* single boiled egg.

His sense of achievement was blunted, however, when the egg turned out to have a double yoke—and even more so when he was billed for two!

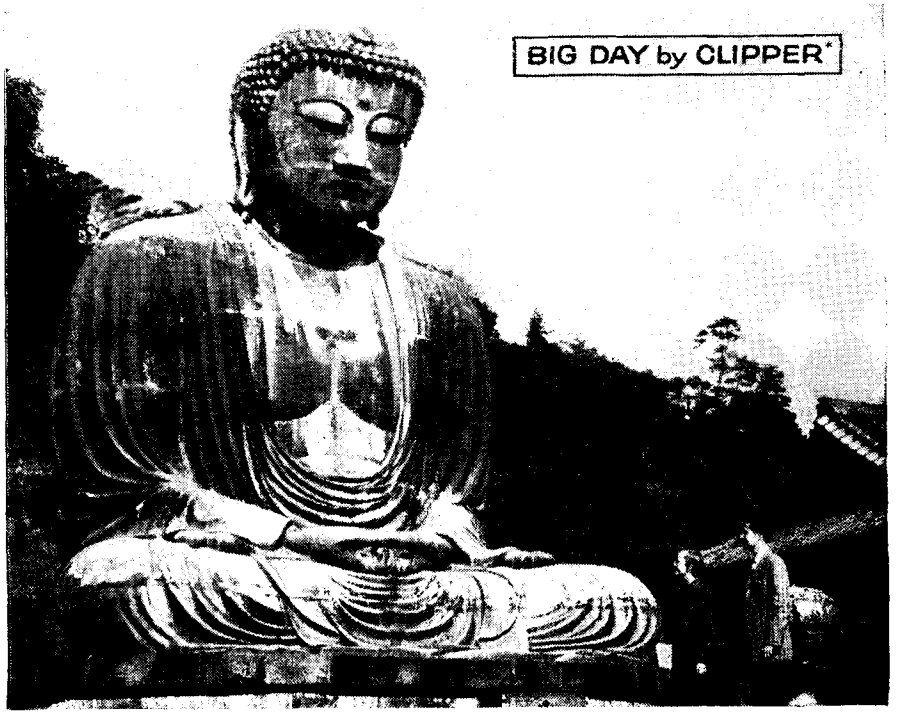
—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1216)

ELLIN BERLIN:

SILVER PLATTER

In every community there is a royal name that cannot be pronounced with a natural inflection. In Virginia City in eighteen sixty-seven that name was William Sharon, agent for the Bank of California, which pretty well controlled the Comstock.



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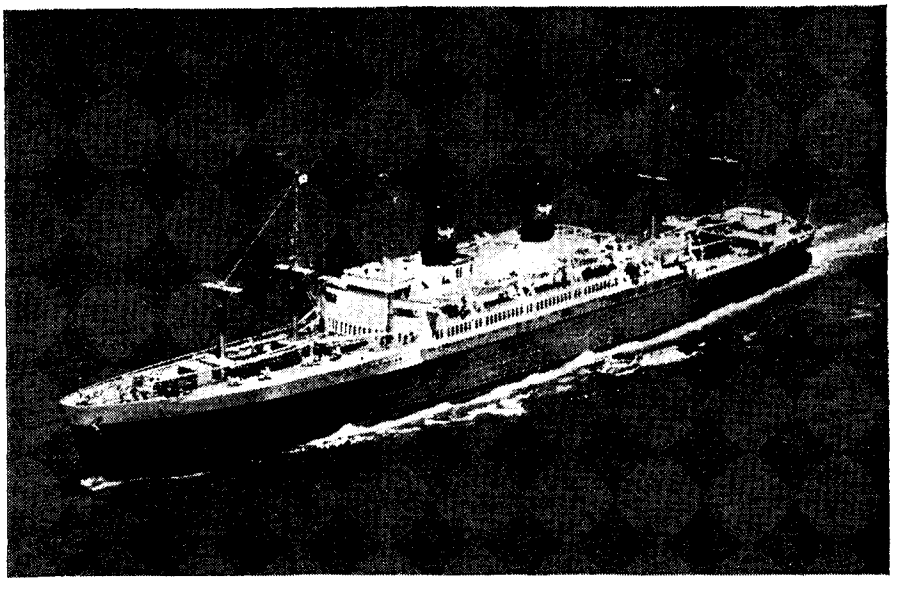

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Anisfield-Wolf Awards

THE Anisfield-Wolf Award, established some years ago by Mrs. Edith Anisfield Wolf in memory of her father and husband, is presented annually under the sponsorship of the *Saturday Review*. The award of $2,000 is given to the work, or works, dealing most sympathetically and intelligently with the problems of race relations.

This year the Award has been made to two books.

The first, "The Masters and the Slaves: A Study in the Development of Brazilian Civilization" (Knopf), by Gilberto Freyre, written originally in Portuguese, first appeared in English in 1946, in Samuel Putnam's fine translation. In describing the book, Ashley Montagu, a member of the Anisfield-Wolf Award Committee, says:

> It is a distinguished study of race relations as they developed in Brazil in the context of the Big House and the Slave Quarters. . . . Read in the light of a North American cultural context it has much wisdom to contribute to the solution of problems which beset Americans. It is a work of enduring and classic quality.

The memoirs of a courageous Anglican priest, Father Trevor Huddleston, are the second Award selection. In "Naught for Your Comfort," Father Huddleston, who spent twelve years in South Africa, probes deeply into the effects, upon both black and white Africans, of inhabitants' forced removal from the red-roofed village of Sophiatown to a native "location." Lillian Smith, also of the 1957 Anisfield-Wolf Award Committee, writes:

> These memoirs are concerned in large part with the people Father Huddleston knew well whose lives were torn and dehumanized by "the system." But there is a second theme: which has to do with the effect of *apartheid* on the minds and hearts of the white people who have given their consent to this way of life. It is this double view, this awareness of evil's two faces, that makes this book of value.

The Anisfield-Wolf Award Committee for 1958 will be comprised of four members, each notable for his own contribution to a more complete understanding of race relations. They are Ashley Montagu, Lillian Smith, Oscar Handlin, and Pearl Buck. Suggestions of books are welcomed by the judges. Further information may be obtained from Dr. Ashley Montagu, Cherry Hill Road, Princeton, N. J.

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The Saturday Review
JULY 20, 1957

SR's ACCENT ON POETRY • 1957

THE SHOCK REACTION TO POETRY

"The near for need. Which must. Of seeming. IS." Lines like this, characteristic of at least one school of modern verse, oblige a reader, long before he may judge whether he likes a whole poem, or whether it is a good poem, to determine its simple meaning*—if he can. At this point most people balk. Some people feel that poetry used to be community property, not a hieroglyphic anagram. English poetry, especially, has long been the special pride of the race. But now it is charged that pedants and bohemians are stealing poetry, to use for the lingo of a peculiar club. In his introduction to* SR's *Annual Accent on Poetry Issue John Ciardi suggests that some of the responsibility for this increasing alienation lies with the changing attitudes of readers. All that's difficult is not bad; all that's obscure is not unintelligible; and it may be that modern readers don't work hard enough to comprehend lines which they more comfortably can reject out-of-hand.*

By JOHN CIARDI

SHORTLY after my return from the war I found myself on a Missouri farm in an endless rainy flood-season. It seemed for a while that the world was being washed away, both from above and from below, and I found myself recalling a boyhood best-friend who had drowned all those worlds ago. I recalled an incident from his funeral, and its ritual brought back to mind what a great deal of religious turmoil I had gone through in mad adolescence and forgotten since. Another long world ago and gone. As—to my surprise—the war that had seemed eternal on last year's island was gone, too. I had the feeling for the moment of the poem I then sat down to write that the one thing that went on and that I could live and die to forever was the rain—how long it was. I concluded the poem:

Having survived a theology
and a war,
I am beginning to understand
The rain.

I have no thought of arguing the merits of the poem as written. It may be a bad poem. My only point here is that a critic once offered those lines to me as an example of the incomprehensible. I was forced to reply that I did not see how they could be clearer. My critic shot me a look: "How can you dare say you understand the rain?" Had I said that? I denied it and pointed out that I had used the word "beginning" in the second of the three lines, and used it on the assumption that it still had meaning in the American language. Inevitably, I was accused of being evasive.

SELF-DEFENSE aside, I see that objection as a case of simple shock reaction. Some pre-formed belief made my critic recoil from the statement of the poem. In so recoiling, he closed his mind not only to all further consideration but to the essential qualification within the statement itself. The passage was jargon, not because he failed to understand it, but because he refused to grant me a right to that idea.

On another occasion the president of a tea-and-poetry group offered me an example of a slightly different kind of shock reaction. Here, too, the charge was "meaningless jargon," but basically Mr. President was refusing to believe that the poet could possibly be saying what he was very clearly saying. The passage was the last stanza of Richard Wilbur's "Museum

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OBSCURITY VS. UNINTELLIGIBILITY: In Act III, Sc. IV of William Shakespeare's "Hamlet" we find these difficult lines:

> O! such a deed
> As from the body of contraction plucks
> The very soul, and sweet religion makes
> A rhapsody of words; heaven's face doth glow,
> Yea, this solidity and compound mass
> With tristful visage, as against the doom,
> Is thought-sick at the act.

This passage, which has been frequently altered by editors who hoped to clarify it, is exclaimed by the hero himself in the midst of his passionate denunciation of his mother. Shakespeare may not have intended to convey any exact idea here, but only an impression, or, as Granville-Barker suggests, the "vague sense of the whole world struck pale beneath God's wrath" at Gertrude's wrongdoing. But he was being as obscure as any modern ever has been.

Piece." The preceding poem describes a Degas dancer in a museum—those chill stone vaults of the Beautiful patrolled by "the good grey guardians of art." So wrenched from life, the dancer pirouettes on in her maker's dream of life. The poem concludes:

> Edgar Degas purchased once
> A fine El Greco which he kept
> Against the wall beside his bed
> To hang his pants on while he slept.

One cannot help knowing that the tone of mixed playfulness-and-seriousness confuses many readers, but are those lines meaningless? I do not know whether or not the incident described is a true one, but I certainly hope it is. Mr. President flatly refused to believe that either Degas or Wilbur could possibly intend such irreverence to El Greco. Wilbur must mean something else. But what? Nothing. The passage was, "Just meaningless jargon. A way of being smarty."

These were the president's terms and obviously they exclude rather than invite discussion. "Here is my two-cubic-inch box of common sense," says the defender: "Put all your spirals of meaning into it without mashing or distorting them. Or else admit that you are equivocating." It simply cannot be done that way. Wilbur is writing a kind of dramatic parable, and the power of such parable is in its many possibilities of meaning around the center. It is the center that one can identify, and, at a risk, I tried to locate it for the president in terms of the artist's relation to his art. An unmistakable theme of the poem is that art is not something to be put apart from daily life (as, for example, in a guarded museum). There comes a time when the artist must marry his muse, and then—like all husbands—he will have pork chops and pants-hooks to think about as well as moonlight and adoration. Mr. President, however, would have nothing to do with such possibilities.

ON YET another occasion I heard a professor of some distinction lecture on "The Virtue of Poetry." Among other things, he cited two lines from Auden's elegy for Yeats:

> The words of a dead man
> Are modified in the guts of
> the living.

These lines, he informed his audience, are not only meaningless but coarse, offensive, and vulgar. I had no opportunity to press the professor further, but certainly the lines are so clear that, in the face of such a charge, I can only conclude that something other than lack of clarity had brought on the shock reaction in the professor.

I speculate that one source of shock was the word "guts," and that the professor's charge—too obviously random to do him credit—was really a result of his discomfort at finding such a word in a serious poem. Before he is seriously tempted to defend that attitude, however, he would do well (after re-reading a little Chaucer and Shakespeare for flavor) to take a long reflective look at the tradition of the literary select tongue in France and Italy, and to consider carefully how systematic academic Comstockism has worked in the past (and still exerts a force despite valuable poetic rebellions) to smother the life of poetry in those traditions.

Speculating further, I sense a second, though related, source of the professor's shock reaction. I suspect that his previous contact with poetry had determined him *a priori* in favor of the poetry of high-seriousness, and that such preparation has left him unable to respond to the emotional force of what may be called "flatting"—the poetic device by which the poet meets the spiritual climaxes of his poem in terms of *the least language* (colloquial understatement or sometimes even "throwaway" slang) rather than in terms of *the most* ("purple-passage" rhetoric). If any man can still believe that "flatting" is not a basic idiom of great emotional experience in our times, then tens of thousands of G.I.'s have died wisecracking without having been listened to, and a number of good and great novelists have labored to portray twentieth-century man's response to his fate in a lying tongue. The language of good poetry always shapes itself from the idiom and speech rhythms of its times. To insist on nineteenth-century idiom and rhythms in twentieth-century poetry is to insist on a death in poetry.

The trouble with such shock reactions is that under their impulsion the reader leaps to a high moral position, slamming his mind shut as he goes. "Coarse, vulgar, and offensive," said the professor. But can he really believe, with his best mind, that a man of Auden's passion and gift could slyly dedicate himself to such ends? Every poet has his vision of beauty: how else could he be a poet? His devotion, however, must be not only to an ideal beauty, but to the perception of life itself in all its aspects. At some stage, the poet—especially the young poet—may even become fascinated by ugliness. Are there not enough reasons, today as always, for a sensitive young man to feel that his elders have betrayed him into empty ideals of conduct and that his contemporaries are thieves and hypocrites? I do not advocate that position, but it is certainly not a rare one in which to find our best young men, and not at all a hard one to understand. Anatole France once said of his countrymen that they raised their daughters in convents, then married them to pirates. Now, as then, there is too little in what we teach the young that prepares them meaningfully for the lives they must live and for the perceptions they must endure in order to become responsive and responsible human beings. What is more natural for the young poet—shocked by the inadequacy of what he has been taught as truth—than to reply by seeking to shock in his turn?

GIVEN sufficient talent, humanity, and dedication, he will survive that adolescence. He will begin to see the world's multiplicity as its own endearing fact, and various enough to

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include the whole range of human existence, all of it fused (if only ideally) into the subliming act of a perception grand enough to dedicate itself neither to the Tea Shoppe of Life nor to the Slaughterhouse of Life but to the total City of Life—to the transcendent idea of what it is to be a human being.

No Western writers have achieved that idea as sublimely as have Dante and Shakespeare. No Western man is half-prepared to discuss the idea of the beautiful without having read carefully some substantial part of the work of these masters. Yet where could one find two writers with a better developed perception of "the coarse, the vulgar, and the offensive"? But the labels themselves exist only as part of the shock reaction of the Genteel. The masters do not shock: they perceive. Their perceptions include the bawdy and the bitter detail, but as an act of encompassment. The aristocrat, as has been well said, is never genteel.

If Longfellow, in translating Dante, felt that he must "correct" many of Dante's details into something more acceptable to Cambridge conversation, such defacement must speak not Dante's limitation, but Longfellow's and Cambridge's. It must go down, even, as an act of arrogance—for certainly it is an arrogance in any man to conceive himself as possessing better taste and nicer moral scruples than Dante managed to achieve. Gentility always reduces the range of life.

Conversely, to include is to be multiple, and multiplicity leads to complexity. As the world of modern man is indeed multiple, so must it follow that the poet who seeks truly to express it must be, at times, complex. Complexities are often obscure. To call a poem obscure is in no way to damn it. The deepest in all of us is obscure. Hamlet is obscure. Freud is obscure. Every man's life is motivated, at depth, in obscure ways. What, for that matter, is more obscure than the Bible? Its obscurity, *together with its unmistakable sense of pertinence-in-depth*, is of the essence of its greatness. Though centuries of scholarship, piety, and exhortation have labored to make it clear, it still remains unfathomed, unsummed, and alive; still open to interpretation and to the self-rewarding labor of understanding.

For though the terms are often confused, obscurity is not at all the same thing as unintelligibility. *Obscurity is what happens when a writer undertakes a theme and method for which the reader is not sufficiently prepared. Unintelligibility is what happens when the writer undertakes a theme and method for which he himself is not sufficiently prepared.*

A good creation is an enlarging experience, and the act of enlargement must require the reader to extend himself. Only the thoroughly familiar—which is to say, the already encompassed—may reasonably be expected to be immediately clear. True, the surface of a poem may seem deceptively clear, thus leading the careless reader to settle for an easy first-response as the true total. But even in work of such surface clarity as Frost's, it will be a foolish reader indeed who permits himself the illusion that one easy reading will reveal all of the poem. In this sense, indeed, there can be no great poetry without obscurity. Had the Bible been clear at a glance, what reasons would there have been for re-reading it?

If, on the other hand, the issue is to be not obscurity but unintelligibility, one may yet reasonably ask, "Unintelligible to whom?" I have grown tired, for example, of being told that e.e.cummings writes unintelligible stuff. Now and then I do find a poem of his that gets so involved in its own trick that I lose interest. But aside from such rare instances, and aside from some simply enough deciphered typographical scrambles (which are there for a reason), cummings is not only a simple poet—he comes close to being the man who died in order to remain a sentimental sophomore. One cannot hope to be moved by the intellectual force of a cummings poem. What informs it is the personal honesty with which the man clings uncompromisingly to his oversimplifications of good and evil, simplifications which most of us have modified and compromised in the motion of what we believe to be maturity, and which may (or may not) be our human failure. What triumphs in the Cummings poem is the aliveness of the poet's five senses, and the gift with which he makes of the poem a word-machine full of the sparks of an inner motion and coherence, rich with a constant release of the seeds of language.

One may be wrong in the thousandth case, but he is still justified in suspecting that when X insists that a cummings poem is unintelligible, X has not read much cummings. When it turns out further that X has not read much of any contemporary poetry of any sort with real care—then, I must confess, I wonder on what basis X conceives himself as qualified to issue verdicts, or even to have his opinion seriously regarded. Though we live in the Age of the Pollster, it must still be defended that, in art, simply to have an opinion is nothing: to have earned it by the happy involvement of one's attention is all.

But, pretentiousness aside, let me assume that the self-declared reader is, in fact, one who reads, and that he is willing to indulge an openminded speculation. Then let me assume that we have located some lines we can both agree are unintelligible. These, for instance:

> Prurient heliotropes nibbled
> the moon.
> A sky Sylvester-blue held up
> the day.
> Truth broke its plate and threw
> away the spoon.
> "Starvation!" cried the land-
> marks in the bay.

Sad stuff, agreed. But is there no possibility of sensing what the poet is about? Is it not possible that, though we cannot make out *what the lines are saying*, we may yet end up with a fairly sound sense of *why the poet wrote them that way*? If one can avoid the legislations of moral indignation, it is at least conceivable that an uncommitted speculation on badness may teach something about goodness.

Quite clearly, I submit, this poet has overreached for originality and fallen into eccentricity. He ends up with simply a blob of language, confusion tangled with confusion within it. How can a heliotrope be prurient? How can it nibble? Heliotropes are the sun's flower: why do they now move to the moon? How is moon related to day? What is Sylvester-blue?—is it gibberish or a missed allusion? How can the sky be said to hold up the day?

Conceivably, to be sure, the poem might have established the fact that the poet is lying on the ground in such a way that the heliotropes fall in a line between his eye and the moon and conceivably, in that case, they might (conceivably) give rise to a fantasy that they are nibbling the moon. A wily arguer could throw up a screen of such defenses, point by point. But the conclusion would still be forgone. There is obviously too much more to defend here than there is to experience. Anything can be made workable in a poem, with proper management. It is precisely the fact that the poem requires more management than the poet has talent to give it that makes it unintelligible. He is not *making*: he is simply *giving out*.

VERY well, then—who has been offended? We have observed and understood a poetic mistake. Yet suppose yourself to be looking for possibility, as a teacher must, rather than for performance, as an editor must, and suppose you are asked to

(*Continued on page* 41)

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HUNGARY'S POET-HERO

By LOUIS FISCHER, *whose new book, "Russia Revisited" (Doubleday, $4), from which this excerpt is taken, comes out August 1. (Copyright 1957 by Louis Fischer.)*

THE hero of Hungary's October-November 1956 revolution is Sandor Petoefi, who died in 1849 by a Russian saber. In 1849 Petoefi was twenty-six years old, yet the Hungarian nation knew him. He was its revolutionary bard. When the uprising came he wrote "There Is a Thought Within Me."

There is a thought within me
To die in the comfort of my bed,
To slowly wither as a flower
On which a secret worm has fed.
Don't give this death. Oh God
Don't give this death to me.
Would that I were a tree that
lightning strikes,
Torn by the storm, uprooted from
the ground;
Would that I were a rock on the
crevasse edge
Hurled by the wind, chasm bound.
When men tear off their yoke of
captivity
And raise their heads to the feast
of Liberty
And purple banners in the breeze
unfurled
Proclaim these holy words to all
the world,
Freedom.
And where from East to West
The trumpet sounds
And the people conquer the
barricades—
There let me fall, on *this*
battlefield
There let my young blood flow
from my heart.

He had his wish. True to his verse Sandor Petoefi volunteered to fight. A Cossack sword cut him down. But great spirits are immortal. For more than a century Hungarian children have recited Petoefi's uplifting lyrics. He is in their blood. Though a fur-capped mercenary sliced through Sandor Petoefi's brain, he survived to return the blow. Ask a Hungarian where the 1956 revolution began and he will reply, "In the Petoefi Club."

The history of postwar Hungary began as well as might be expected, for in 1945, in the presence of a Russian army of occupation, the authorities permitted free national elections which gave the Communists only 17 per cent of the vote as against 57 per cent to the Small Holders (peasants) party. Soon, however, the mask fell; on February 26, 1947, Bela Kovacs, the general secretary of the Small Holders party, was arrested and disappeared; later his party was suppressed, and the Communists, needless to say, won a big majority in the next elections. All seemed to be going very well for Moscow.

Normality, however, is incompatible with Communism. When Russia's troubles with Tito began in 1948, the earth in neighboring Hungary heaved sympathetically. There followed a made-in-Moscow heresy hunt of national Communists. It needed big game. One of the scapegoats, held high to intimidate the rest, was postwar Hungary's first Minister of Interior in charge of the secret police: Laszlo Rajk, a member of the Communist Politburo. Arrested on May 30, 1949, tried in September of the same year, he confessed, and the instructed court sentenced him to death by hanging.

After four years of this kind of terror, under the "hard," Moscow-trained first party secretary, Matyas Rakosi, things looked up. The sentencing of secret-police chief Gabor Peter in March 1953, and the elevation of Imre Nagy to the Prime Ministry in July 1953, allowed Hungary's people, and her writers, some leniency. Nagy was a university professor and a member of the Academy of Science, and therefore rated the distinction of intellectual. Nagy's dismissal in March 1955, and the substitution of Andras Hegedues, behind whose transparent false-face was descried the grim, Mongol-like bald head of Rakosi, might have heralded another "hard" period. But the secret police had lost its frightening authority, and, as a result of recurrent power shuffles the party had already descended into the political and ideological doldrums.

The civil war which now developed between writers and government was the first battle or in fact the microcosm of the Hungarian revolution. The importance of literature in that revolution can scarcely be exaggerated. Quite correctly the *Manchester Guardian* said in December 1956, "The Hungarians have been fighting under the sign of the nineteenth-century poet Petoefi." It was the authors' revolt in 1955 which led to the Spring 1956 Petoefi Club phase, and that in turn inspired the historic uprising in October of that year. As in Poland, so in Hungary the pen plowed the field and planted the seeds.

The ferment first manifested itself publicly in an article by Gyula Hay, a very prominent author, in *Irodalmi Ujsag* (Literary Gazette) of September 10, 1955, in which he, a party member since 1919, after pledging allegiance to the regime, deplored the dearth of good drama and the "terrible monotony" of the few new plays produced, and ended with a minor-key yet unmistakable declaration of war.

The very next issue of *Irodalmi Ujsag* published a poem by Laszlo Benjamin, a Communist, called "A Writer-Minister," which was a short, sharp attack on Jozsef Darvas, the Minister of Popular Culture.

These literary stabs at the regime won applause and approval in the art world. Emboldened, the restless Communists in the Writers Union assembled in caucus on November 10, 1955, and drew up a manifesto demanding freedom from the government's "aggressive intervention" in cultural affairs. This manifesto, when circulated among party members in the Writers Union, collected an imposing number of signatures: sixty-three. Although the manifesto was not published (it appeared in print for the first time on October 10, 1956, on the eve of the revolution), the party leadership scented danger and tried to induce the writers to withdraw their signatures. Only four did.

The Central Committee of the Hungarian Communist party then drafted its own resolution on literature, convened the Communists in the Writers Union, and demanded that they subscribe to the new resolution. Most of them refused and ten of the most prominent resigned their offices in the Writers Union. They received a stern party reprimand with a warning that the next offense would mean expulsion from the party. Thus, the party met the writers' revolt with its own declaration of open warfare.

The people's movement *per se* began tamely enough with a conference of government economists on May 30. Two evenings later the Institute of Literary History assembled under Petoefi Club auspices to admit past mistakes and to promise amends. June 4 saw a turbulent session of the Hungarian Academy of Science. Ferenc Mucsi complained of the sup-

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pression of criticism by the Institute of Communist Party History. Lajos Lukacs said it was time for party historians to do more than merely "explain *ad nauseam* the pronouncements of certain party leaders." Arpad Kalmar of the Budapest Lenin Institute declared that the thinking of university students was "on the elementary-school level." The audience applauded.

History was being falsified; "I say these strong words whether they please or not." The history of the Second World War had been distorted; "I believe it an exaggeration to maintain that the entry of the Soviet Union into the Far Eastern war was the main factor in the defeat of Japan."

Gyorgy Litvan protested that every year teachers had to reverse themselves and teach the opposite of what they had taught the year before. "All of these contradictions lead to cynicism among youth just when we are constantly preaching against cynicism." Cynicism is also induced by "constantly emphasizing the leading and exemplary role of the Soviet Union." Perpetual attacks on the West, he concluded, merely sowed sympathy for the West.

Thus far, none of the speakers had been heckled. Now, however, Madame Erzveset Andics, professor of history at the University of Budapest and chairman of the peace movement, took the floor. Her speech broke up the meeting. More had been done in the past few years to clarify historical truth than in many preceding generations, she averred.

The crowd, consisting chiefly of university students, booed. Professors smiled.

"If anyone," she continued, "tries to prove that Marxist history has committed faults . . ."

Cries of "Don't you think so?" interrupted her.

"We admit our mistakes," she stated.

"You don't," the listeners argued.

"But criticism does not mean that we must ridicule our accomplishments. That is not the truth, that is not dialectical."

The audience laughed so long she could not finish her address.

OVERWHELMED, apparently, by this hostile demonstration, the "official Communist" officers of the Petoefi Club did not convene another meeting for ten days. To their dismay they now discovered that instead of directing the writers' thaw into a controlled channel they had permitted, or aided, it to overflow into all neighboring fields of culture. In effect, the Petoefi Club had become an open political forum. Petoefi Clubs with the same objective were springing up throughout Hungary. The Communist party looked askance at this development, but it was rocked by inner dissensions, rumors of Rakosi's dismissal ran up and down the land, and nobody yet seemed prepared to lay a rough hand on the spreading Petoefi Clubs.

The Budapest Petoefi Club's activity reached a peak on June 19, 1956. It met, this time, in a theatre with a capacity of 800, and that number of invitations was issued for 7 P.M. By 4:30 every seat was occupied. At 6:30, when the proceedings got under way, standees crowded the aisles, window-sills, stage, and every other available cubic inch of space. There were at least 1,500 persons in the theatre, an estimated third of them army officers in uniform. It was a hot, humid evening. By common consent, nobody smoked. Eating and drinking were out of the question. Yet the audience, to a man, remained in the hall until 3:30 in the morning.

Peter Kuczka, a young poet, made a frontal attack on Rakosi, first secretary of the party, boss of Hungary. "A good journalist," he began, "is characterized by a car, a chauffeur, and a special shop" where he can buy goods not available to the general public. "He must write the truth. However, in our country, the truth must conform to the changing party line. In 1949 Rakosi said Laszlo Rajk was a traitor. In 1955 he said Rajk was a palace provocateur. This year he calls Rajk comrade. The masses have lost confidence not in the party but in its leaders . . . Truth can exist only where freedom exists. We demand a free press . . ."

Up spoke Madame Laszlo Rajk, widow of the executed man. Greeted with thunderous and prolonged applause, she said she did not wish to be made a heroine because of what happened to her husband. She merely asked that those who murdered him be ejected from office. She too had been in prison for years; Hungarian prisons were a disgrace to a people's democracy. When she finished the audience accorded her a standing ovation.

Marton Horwath, editor of *Szabad Nep*, received permission to defend the regime. Boos drowned his voice on three occasions. "Don't insult the party," he urged.

"We're the party," a man in the orchestra replied.

"Let's remove Laszlo Rajk's corpse from the ditch and give him a decent burial," another person cried.

"Why do we call this the Sandor Petoefi Club?" a third member of the audience demanded. "Petoefi fought for press freedom."

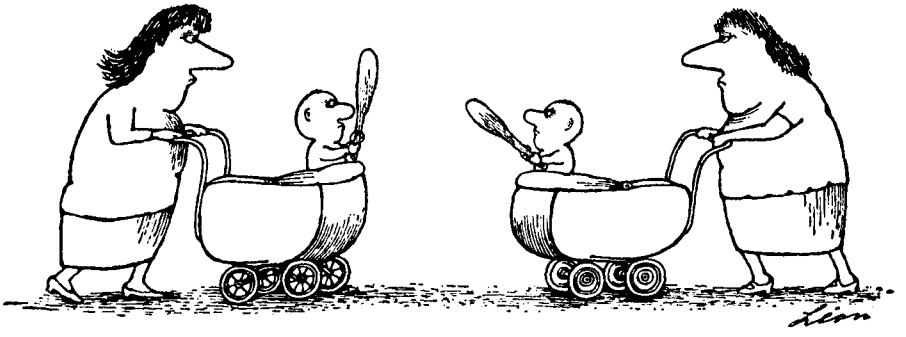
"Which we haven't got," a neighbor added.

"That's right," Horwath unexpectedly agreed.

"You're telling us," a listener remarked aloud. The audience burst into laughter; Horwath shrugged his shoulders and resumed his seat.

Seven hours after the chairman banged down his gavel and closed the proceedings, Poznan's working class walked out into a general strike. The two events were in no wise connected. But using the June 28-29 Poznan uprising as a pretext, Rakosi shut down all Petoefi Clubs in Hungary on June 30.

HOWEVER, Rakosi was called to Moscow shortly thereafter, and on July 18 he resigned all his functions in Hungary and went to live in Outer Mongolia with his Mongolian wife. The Petoefi Clubs were again legalized. The writers' revolt flared to new heights. The public murmured against privations and restrictions. The Communists ruled but confusion reigned. All of the summer of 1956, Hungary rocked rudderless in the tempest. Yet nobody preached, and neither the authorities nor the nation expected, an armed revolution. By common assumption, a dictatorship could not be overthrown by force. But imminent events were to prove that not everyone accepted this assumption, and that Hungarians still lived in whom flamed the ardent physical courage, as well as the spirit, of Sandor Petoefi the poet.



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Adagia

By Wallace Stevens

(The poetry of Wallace Stevens has always been remarkable for the way in which its lines suggest themselves as adages. Adage and poetry have, in fact, been interwoven in one another since the beginnings of writing. It seems everyway natural, therefore, to find that among the papers left at his death Wallace Stevens left a number of adages, each one a sort of poem-skeleton, as an integral part of his mind's statement, each adage serving as one more glimpse into the lucidity and discipline of that mind and its powerful perceptions. By special arrangement with Alfred Knopf, who will publish Stevens's "Opus Posthumous" in the fall of 1957, and with the permission of Holly Stevens, SR is proud to offer first publication to these last lines by one of the greatest of American poets.)

LITERATURE is the better part of life. To this it seems inevitably necessary to add, provided life is the better part of literature.
Thought is an infection. In the case of certain thoughts it becomes an epidemic.
An evening's thought is like a day of clear weather.
All our ideas come from the natural world: trees equal umbrellas.
The ideal is the actual become anaemic. The romantic is often pretty much the same thing.
As the reason destroys, the poet must create.
A poem should be part of one's sense of life.
The world is the only thing fit to think about.
The thing seen becomes the thing unseen. The opposite is, or seems to be, impossible.
To study and to understand the fictive world is the function of the poet.
The fundamental difficulty in any art is the problem of the normal.
Metaphor creates a new reality from which the original appears to be unreal.
Description is an element, like air or water.
Thought tends to collect in pools.
Life is not people and scene but thought and feeling.
A change of style is a change of subject.
The feeling or the insight is that which quickens the words, not the other way round.
A man cannot search life for unprecedented experiences.
The imagination consumes and exhausts some element of reality.
The poet is a god, or, the young poet is a god. The old poet is a tramp.
There must be some wing on which to fly.

Sinai

By Hayden Carruth

JEHOVAH came. Mica gleamed in the rock,
Thunderheads prowled the horizon. In timeless shock
Sun poured on sand and sand lapped to the sea.
The mount seemed low in the sky's intensity.

It took all day for history to begin.
We waited, sick of time's tough discipline,
And made a pretty godkin, bright in brass.
Youths stripped and danced, a girl strode a white ass.

No need for terror or bewilderment
Of cryptic conscience, nice beyond intent,
Enjoined the good in that hot multitude:
Our want was simple if our love was crude.

And yet the day, as if a foul offense,
Began a dry, circuitous consequence.
What meaning trembled in the twinge of shame?
The law lay shattered when Jehovah came.

Suburban Spring

By Nathaniel Zimskind

In suburban gardens,
Where discovered hands
Counting on instructions
Have done all they were supposed to,
The flowers are behaving.

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Notre Dame de Chartres

By William Meredith

(The Gothic cathedral which was built at Chartres in the twelfth century was destroyed, together with most of the town, by a great fire in 1194. The survival of the Sacred Tunic of the Virgin, a gift of Charles the Bald in 876 and one of the chief relics of Christendom, inspired the building of the present basilica. Guillaume le Breton, historian and court poet to Philip Augustus, wrote: "At this time the Virgin and Mother of God, who is called and indeed shown to be the Lady of Chartres, wanted the sanctuary that is so specially hers to be more worthy of her. She therefore permitted the old and inadequate church to become the victim of flames, thus making room for the present basilica, which has no equal throughout the entire world.")

AFTER God's house burned down, they found the shirt—
His mother Mary's shirt; it had not burned.
This was their kind of miracle: it spoke
Of continuing grace, if chastized. The Lord's mother
Would stay on, it was simply that the house
Had not pleased the holy visitor to France.

The town's good fortune must have moved all France.
The preservation of that sacred shirt
Which had won battles for the royal house;
The citizens themselves whose town had burned
To the ground that night, thanked God's gracious mother
For the special favor that the flames bespoke.

The vast basilica they raised then spoke
Of a yearning that reached far beyond France,
A love that verged on heresy for the Mother
Who had been brought to bed in this same shirt.
This is our miracle: the faith that burned
Bright and erroneous, and built this house.

I suppose there never will be such a house
Again, that has the power to make men speak
Of *an act of God,* where a dozen cities burned
Will not; to ask a pilgrimage to France
Of men and women who smile about the shirt
And doubt or do not know about the Mother.

The arbitrary doctrine of the Mother
Is no harder to believe than her great house
At Chartres, copied from Heaven to hold a shirt.
Stand at the transcept when the delicate spokes
Of stone glow black against the sun of France:
It is as if the virgin's faith still burned.

Or as if the ancient glass itself still burned,
If you prefer that to the legend of God's mother.
Whatever it is, no splendor now in France
Puzzles the heart like the molten light in this house;
Probably no one who saw it ever spoke
Coarsely again of the medieval shirt.

Sancta Camisa, the blessed shirt of the Mother.
Because it had not burned, required a house
And spoke to the stone that slept in the groin of France

That Sense As in the Tragedies

By R. G. Vliet

one moves ultimately from hatreds
into cold stone: blood spills
in the end into the tall pillars
the veined stone that holds
rages and fears and shapes
them cold, the molten
not congealing but, as if plunged
through smoky ice, snapped
brittle into stone: the tall
pillars one senses at the last
in the tragedies: Klytaimestra's
tongue announcing
triumph like rocks that drop
and pile about her feet
her body that was leonine
and strung with blood
now cold as a pillar, her thigh
granite. Become perpetual.

But such are the hates we hamper
such the deceits and lies
that never come to murder
that stay sheltered never
come to horror are never
transcended by act, such such all
the violences we harbor
with our half warm flesh, held
not to blaze but smoulder
that riot simmers-down to a dry
pot and love diminishes in small
competition: we, who are civil, die.

Stars Almost Escape Us

By Daniel Berrigan

They come unwilling
to greatness, unlike dramatic trees
in chorus, miming man's destiny
with want and plenty, with grinning or tragic
masks.

Size makes no difference. Nor have stars taken
easily to being something other. Their blossoming
momentarily in hedges, depends on a man's
stillness: let him come near, and the doe's eye leaps,
the fireflies leap into a thicket or heaven.

You may decline a whole night of stars
by lighting or snuffing a candle in a closet.
Not one, or all their sum of light taken together,
can keep a stranger's feet on his tricky road.

For what then?
the true, the beautiful, struggles
in winds and spaces, and scarcely, perilously wins.

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Sonnet Right Off The Bat

(*Soneto de Repente* of Lope de Vega)
Translated by John Frederick Nims

SHE wants a sonnet from me, instantly!
Now here's a jam I wasn't in before!
A sonnet's fourteen lines, I hear—no more,
No less. (I really buffaloed those three!)
You'd think the rimes would have me up a tree,
But here I'm halfway through the second four.
If I can tally two and up the score
The octave's a dead duck. No stopping me!

Well look at Lope entering Line Nine!
I must have knocked it off in nothing flat
And breezed half through the sestet. Doing fine
Nearing the finish. As to where I'm at,
I rather think it's—hmmm—the thirteenth line.
Here's fourteen. Care to count them? And that's that.

We Keep, Here, The Records of Days

By Sydney Kessler

WE KEEP, here, the records of days.
Note this familiar form, used
By everyone. Here is the column
For the soul's expression; this margin
Is allotted for rough calcuations
Of the number of embraces—false or true.
Acts of passion, kindness or hate;
And here is the space for conclusions
That so few fill out.

Each form must be signed, beneath the weather
Report, and filed in the current century,
For use by experts of judgment and appeals.
All forms not containing significant data
Are periodically removed and destroyed.
This office is not concerned with causes,
Or how things occur, and demands only
Proper reporting of the facts.

Here are the two days retained, thus far,
From your life; your birth date, of course,
And a day from your middle years—the soul's
Last official temptation. You have
Been summoned merely because the flesh
Has expressed desires in the soul's column,
A common error in recent times.

You are not reprimanded, but this
Is advised; do not be disheartened
By a sparse record. There is no predicting
The day of death. With the flesh as it is,
Anything might happen from here on out.

Sans Souci

(Frederick the Great's summer palace near Potsdam)

By Lisel Mueller

IT DOES not make sense in terms of historical fact,
The unabashed gesture, the celebration of joy,
Birds that catch and diffract
The afternoon sun and drink from a bubbling nymph
Who beckons a marble boy;

Nor the make-believe heaven inside: golden frames
Looping their spiralling curls around mirrors that blaze
Whirlpools of light on the games
Of Arcadian lovers dappling a celadon wall;
Yet we might have expected it. Praise

Is the louder and passion the fiercer for need,
Fiercest when bred in a mind that has knelt to a whip
And recanted its natural creed
Of splendor and bliss. Rigidity once removed
Is freedom and grace, and the tight-stretched line of a lip

Curves to the flute's convolutions of silver and breath.
But for the hair that we split in order to prove
Otherwise, death
Reverses to motion and sunlight. Turned inside-out
Negation is equal to love.

Remarks on the Occasion of Love

By Donald Hall

LADY, my lady, this containment makes
A system for our sakes
By which our bodies are released from clocks
Through paradox
Into the time of time, until time breaks.

This is the type, my lady, of events
Most general and true.
It was by love and not by instruments
This pilot flew
The night's Atlantic every man invents.

Love, I have found, is not too difficult,
But being loved is hard
To comprehend or color; I exult
In this result:
My lady takes me into her regard.

It is for this that painters must adorn
Their canvas with the horn
Of plenty and the sum of color's love—
For amour of
Ladies alive and dead and never born.

—Hans Holbein the Younger, from "Alphabets & Ornaments" (World).

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SR's POETRY AWARD FOR 1957

Last spring an anonymous friend of poetry set aside the sum of $500 to be awarded to the poem or poems which, in the opinion of four judges appointed by SR, *represented the best verse to be published in this magazine during the period of May 1956 to May 1957. The editors now take pleasure in announcing that the Award has been divided among four poets. The prize-winning writers and their poems: Stanley Kunitz for his "As Flowers Are" (which originally appeared in* SR*'s issue of May 5, 1956), Edwin Honig for "Outer Drive" (July 7, 1956), Philip Booth for "The Margin" (December 29, 1956), and Hollis Summer for "Mexico Picnic, October 31" (which appeared in* SR *for January 12, 1957). The editors welcome the opportunity to reprint below the judges' selections and to express their sincere appreciation to the donor who, though he wishes to remain anonymous, has generously furthered the cause of poetry in America. This year's judges were John Ciardi, Dudley Fitts, John Holmes, and Robert Halsband. (As* SR*'s poetry editor Mr. Ciardi selected the poems for inclusion in the magazine he abstained from the final voting).*

As Flowers Are

By Stanley Kunitz

As flowers have wars that the philosophic eye
Stoops to behold, broils of the golden age
When honey dropped from the trees, as bees perform
Their educated dance, we find our skins
In which to parable the act of love,
Contending, as at first, that the world might move.

Perfection caught in amber of our days
Jewels the life; on the offended thread
We hang the instants of the soul's surprise
When it is ravished by the absolute god,
Who comes in any shape that he may choose
But the expected one: as flowers tell lies.

Your lazy tongue that makes me think of bells
and soft Mediterranean afternoons
(As flowers shoot stars) rings out its heaven-changes
Till souls and gods pick clover in your lines
And what I carry through the giant grass
Mocks the profession of the comic ants.

Summer is late, my heart: the dusty fiddler
Hunches under the stone; these pummelings
Of scent are more than masquerade; I have heard
A song repeat, repeat, till my breath had failed.
As flowers have flowers, at the season's height.
A single color oversweeps the field.

Outer Drive

By Edwin Honig

Heat of nightfall, and the heave and start,
Beside a quivering sleek trolley on the track,
Of a sudden snub-cabbed truck, trailerless,
Intense; like a bullhead bodiless it rockets
Just grazing past the green tan flank
Of the wincing public car, lit up with heads
Featured in the window squares, going
Straight and ironbound, by safety islands,
Down the flickering neon evening, home—

While the deathless disembodied bullhead of a truck
Escapes: past stoplights raging, headlights steaming
Rips through city limits eating, eating,
Eating all the highway up to Albany.

The Margin

By Philip Booth

Where, cast away, I wake from numb surprise
to map the island that my doubts surround,
a chance perfection makes my wonder wise.

The surf churns still, but a long perspective lies
beyond the breakers, calm and finally round
where, cast away, I wake from numb surprise.

Questioning long silence, I learn to prize
a rock pool that the thousand tides have ground;
a chance perfection makes my wonder wise.

Survivors too, plovers with piping cries
dip down to that green pool my salt hands sound
where, cast away, I wake from numb surprise.

Fed by a small sea fed by the great sea's rise,
I salvage the design by which I'm bound;
a chance perfection makes my wonder wise.

I find myself as I first colonize
the margin where original order's found;
where, cast away, I wake from numb surpise,
a chance perfection makes my wonder wise.

Mexico Picnic, October 31

By Hollis Summers

If Maximilian and Carlotta were living
Now above us in Chapultepec
They could leave their gold and satin bedrooms
To walk along their ramparts and admire
Us here as crowded as a Rivera mural
Beneath their weathered illustration castle
Where the emperor sometimes loved his wife.

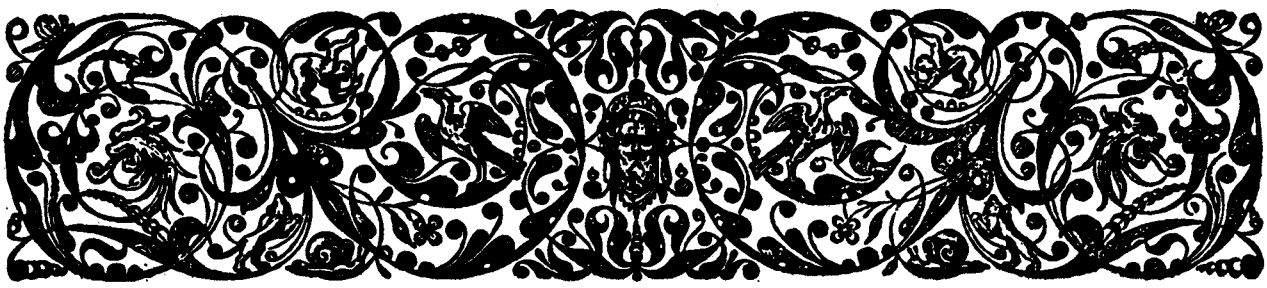
Lolling in families upon the ground
Our composition moves in colored bands
Brilliantly picturesque, enough to free
Tortured royal breasts. Of course, they
Might link their childless arms to remind
Each other, smiling, "Tuesday's the Day of the Dead."

Anyhow, we doubtlessly are giving
A splendid photograph to that tourist speck
Who stands where royalty would stand if tombs
Allowed return. I feel reasonably sure we inspire
The mechanics of his camera with our rural
Festive air. It is unfortunate that the facile
Artist by the fountain ignores our rife

Possibilities—he leashed his cats around
His battered tripod so that his delicate hands
Undisturbed could paint from memory
The Virgin. Oh well, so even the tourists may
Be too moved for clicking. I am not blind
To fact today. Tuesday's the Day of the Dead.

The thin shade of a jacaranda is sieving
Sun upon my family. Why should I check
Now with art and the past when the moment assumes
Its own importance as uncontained as fire
Perhaps? Perhaps I have always followed a puerile
Habit of a generation endeavoring to fulfil
Meaning before the breathed fact of life.

The sun remembering summer is profound.
Our children laugh. The balloon man stands
Covered with balloons. It is enough to see
A lavender castle in the sun. It is enough to say
Aloud, "This is." Later we can find
Metaphor. Tuesday's the Day of the Dead.



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A World Redeemed

"The Green Wall," by James Wright *(Yale University Press. 93 pp. $2.50), a new volume in the Yale Series of Younger Poets, is the work of a fine new poet demonstrating a unique quality of human compassion.*

By Philip Booth

JAMES WRIGHT has his nerve: in a day when poems are too brightly pyrotechnic, he asks to say "something humanly important instead of just showing off with language." The wonder of his first book, "The Green Wall," is that he does precisely this. As W. H. Auden points out in his introduction to this newest volume in the Yale Series of Younger Poets, the human beings who people Wright's poems are "social outsiders"; and in this Wright acknowledges his debt to both Robinson and Frost. But his poems are uniquely his own in their view of the world, as is evident from the opening "Fit Against the Country," one of the best poems in this fine first collection.

Poetry by James Wright has been appearing for several years in many magazines, both here and abroad. Taken together, these poems seem more impressive individually than as a whole, but that is only to say that they are less various in their techniques than in their subjects. At times, as in the last seven lines of "The Horse," a rhythmical sameness deadens a poem, and (perhaps because the book is longer than most) a similar lack of variation carries over between poems and weights the third section, where there is too little of the energy that marks "Eleutheria" and her kinetic kissing.

What is strongest in James Wright's poetry is the huge human compassion he individually owns. If the celebrations for George Doty or "A Lady With an Assumed Name" seem too consciously to take a poetic stance, "She Hid in the Trees" has the moving quality that is wholly natural and genuinely Wright. Then, too, he is at home with death as few young poets are; he can get voices to rise off the page, and he is able to make lovely lyrics out of such apparently small actions as a hostess's saying good night or "A Call From the Front Porch." Indeed, Wright is that rare poet who can achieve the "common in experience—uncommon in writing" that Robert Frost has asked for. And nowhere is this more evident than in his most domestic poems: whether the ballad-wit of "A Song for the Middle of the Night," or the plain magnificent "Mutterings over the Crib of a Deaf Child."

"How will he hear the bell at school
Arrange the broken afternoon,
And know to run across the cool
Grasses where the starlings cry,
Or understand the day is gone?"

Well, someone lifting curious brows
Will take the measure of the clock.
And he will see the birchen boughs
Outside sagging dark from the sky,
And the shade crawling upon the rock.

"And how will he know to rise at morning?
His mother has other sons to waken,
She has the stove she must build to burning
Before the coals of the nighttime die;
And he never stirs when he is shaken."

I take it the air affects the skin,
And you remember, when you were young,
Sometimes you could feel the dawn begin,
And the fire would call you, by and by,
Out of bed and bring you along.

"Well, good enough. To serve his needs
All kinds of arrangements can be made.
But what will you do if his finger bleeds?
Or a bobwhite whistles invisibly
And flutes like an angel off in the shade?"

He will learn pain. And, as for the bird,
It is always darkening when that comes out.
I will putter as though I had not heard,
And lift him into my arms and sing
Whether he hears my song or not.

For that one poem, this beautifully designed book would be worth its modest price. But there are other poems, equal in their deceptive quietness, in which any reader who has heard about Adam's fall can find his world redeemed by what James Wright has to say about it. And that saying, more than any showing off with language, is the thing that is "humanly important." It is, in effect, the world that Wright lifts into his arms; and whether or not we hear it, the song is there to be heard.

Conceits and Whimsy

"The Persimmon Tree," by Peter Viereck *(Scribner. 80 pp. $3), is a new collection of pastoral and lyrical verse by a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet. It is reviewed by Selden Rodman, author of numerous books of verse and editor of a number of anthologies.*

By Selden Rodman

SUCH is the state of book-reviewing in general, and of the reviewing of poetry in particular, that if the reviewer casts a cold eye on the latest work of one who has been a friend, whose work he has hitherto praised, and who has upon occasion praised the work of said reviewer, it will be instantly assumed by many readers that (a) reviewer and reviewed are no longer friends; (b) that reviewer has become embittered by some real or fancied slight; or (c) that reviewed has discussed unfavorably (or worse, not reviewed at all!) some book by reviewer.

To come to the subject that aroused this initial digression: Peter Viereck was and is a friend of mine. He gave the best of my own books of verse the most favorable review it received. His publishers quote me as having bracketed him (in 1946) with Dylan Thomas, as one of the original voices in postwar poetry. Nothing—but nothing—has come between us since to affect our friendship. I find his new book, "The Persimmon Tree," diffuse, sentimental, academic, boring, and (with the exception of one poem) disappointing.

In respect to the epithet "academic"

(*Continued on page* 38)

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SR's *Spotlight on World War II:*

"The Invasion of France and Germany"

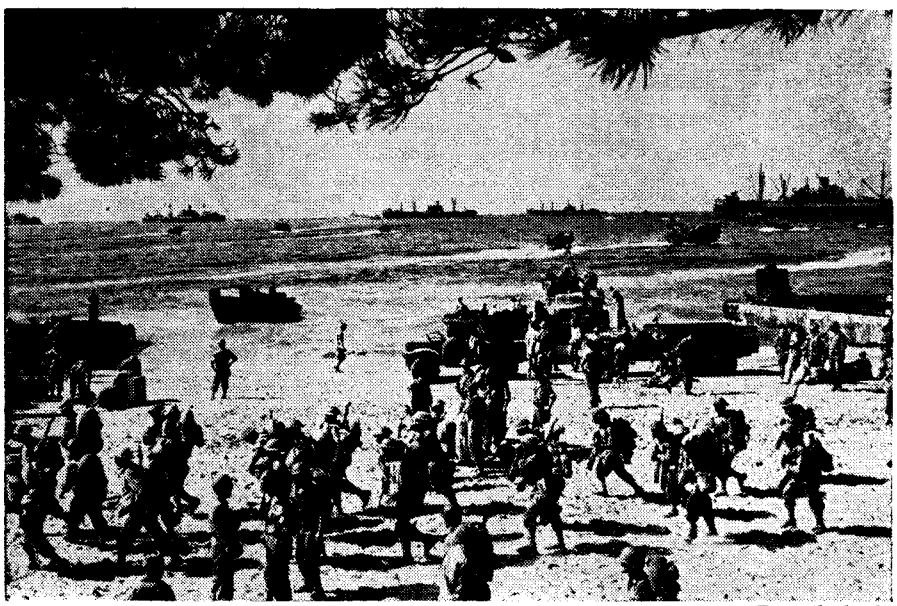
Author: Samuel Eliot Morison

The Author

By John Haverstick

AT SIXTY Samuel Eliot Morison, whose latest volume of his mammoth "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II" has just appeared, is well aware of the fact that scholarly fashions have their effect on historians. For example: thirty years ago the history writers were depicting the Pilgrims as grim, steeple-hatted fellows living in log cabins and planning witch hunts as holiday diversions. But today, according to Morison, things have gone to the opposite extreme. Now, he says, it is all a good historian can do to persuade his students that the Pilgrims were *not* exactly jolly fellows perennially sitting on artful early American furniture, with one arm around a pretty Priscilla and the other reaching for a jug of hard cider. Another example: fifty years ago the history books were unanimous in presenting the Federalist-Whig-Republican point of view in their interpretations of U. S. political history; today it would be hard, he says, to find a good general history of the U. S. that does not follow the Jefferson-Jackson-F. D. Roosevelt line (a line which Morison himself believes is the "best line of actuality" but which he also believes has gone too far, tending to create what he terms "a sort of neo-liberal stereotype").

To Morison, the historian's professional duty is to set down the facts of what actually did happen—and why; and to accomplish this aim in his own work he has gone to unfashionable lengths unfamiliar to whole generations of historians. For a Pulitzer Prize-winning biography of Christopher Columbus he once retraced in small sailing vessels four routes that Columbus had followed to America. In 1942, shortly after the beginning of World War II, Morison, then a professor of history at Harvard (he is a Boston-bred patrician), reached right back to 431 B.C. for his historical methods—to an example set by Greek historian Thucydides, who went off to the Peloponnesian War, lived in the field in order to get the unvarnished facts, and then proceeded to write his famous first-hand (though incomplete) formal history of the entire encounter. Until World War II Thucydides's example had been largely ignored by successive generations of historians, most of whom preferred armchair comfort and mellifluous phrases to first-hand knowledge. But Professor Morison persuaded President Roosevelt to assign him as a modern Thucydides to the U. S. Navy, thereby instigating a presidential directive which resulted in on-the-spot histories of each of the armed services (though none except the Navy's were channeled through the pen of one man). As a result of this direct historical approach he has come into sharp conflict with other past and present eminent historians. In an address before the American Historical Association, when Professor Morison (who was retired from the USNR as a Rear Admiral in 1951) was serving as president of that organization, he roundly criticized the methods of historian Charles A. Beard, whose philosophy of history was that no historian can escape his personal limitations as an interpreter of the past and that therefore the historian should select and arrange the facts of history so as to influence the present or the future in the direction that the historian considers socially desirable. Said Morison: "Beard's personal guess was that American history was moving forward to a collectivist democracy." The result, according to Morison: Beard interpreted the past to suit his own ideas of the future. Critics of Morison's "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II" have pointed out from time to time that Professor-Admiral Morison's interpretations, too, have been sometimes emotional and sometimes factually inaccurate. Nevertheless, with his passion for writing history to the best of his ability as it actually happened (and with commendable literary grace), there can be little doubt that historian Morison's history will prove valuable to future scholars long after that of many of his contemporaries has perished.



—*From the book.*

Alpha Red beach, D-day—Operation Dragoon, August 1944.

The Book

By S. L. A. Marshall, *chief U.S. Army historian in the European theatre during World War II.*

EVEN when rewriting a thrice-told tale, as he is doing in "The Invasion of France and Germany" (Little, Brown, $6.50), Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison contrives to bring to it a fresh ring of authority and a crispness in expression which makes it as new as the next second.

This talent and his boundless prodigiousness set him apart from other American field historians of World War II. All others who did his kind of labor, no less ploddingly and sometimes with greater inspiration, while the fighting was on have long since tired of the grind and forsaken

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it, thereby disrupting its continuity.

Old Man River Morison just keeps rolling along, to the enrichment of history, to the glory of the Navy, and to the delight of all who love good books when they provide enchanting reading. This is his eleventh volume in a series of fourteen which will wrap up the story of U.S. Navy operations in World War II. Any lingering doubt that the task would be completed has by now vanished.

How explain such fidelity? The even flow of his prose suggests that writing comes easy to Morison, but that is probably a deception. That he is moved by a great love of the Navy will be recognized by all who, reading, share his excitement and enthusiasms.

No war historian may keep his work in perspective unless he knows that zestful love for tactical operations, and their attendant staff problems, which pervades the good leader of battle forces. Morison does. Anyone who dealt closely with this powerful, yet sympathetic personality during World War II must have felt that he would have made a great commander of fighting men and ships. The ablest specialists serving the armed establishment, for example, Colonel Frank Capra, have this dual capacity.

Then there is another thing. Covering land battle is ever dirty, grubbing business, whereas, doing the story of the fleet and its attendant administration has more the nature of a wholesaling enterprise. The Army researchers and writers did their work early. Deprived of their findings, the Navy story would still remain at sea, with no anchor holding to anything solid.

Their work, of necessity, was given maximum latitude. They had to investigate the effects of naval gunfire on Omaha Beachhead and in support of airborne forces behind Utah Beach. They had to determine where Navy small craft came ashore. Wherein Navy decisions and attitudes shaped the course of policy and of action in European Theatre from the first "predecessor command" until past V-E day became also, quite properly, a field for Army research, not all of it done, alas, with painstaking and scholarly exactitude, but still done.

For example, the research on predecessor command had ultimately to be synopsized through oral interviews with the main actors because a mountain of documents, left unorganized, had been shipped to Antwerp where no one knew their location.

It is part of Admiral Morison's towering strength as a narrator of the over-all story of how German-enthralled Western Europe was invaded and liberated that he can lean on the completed reports published by the Army. Not having authored any of the finished writing, but having done much of the field research amid the landed infantry from which the published conclusions were drawn, I must perforce add that this reliance on the accuracy of secondary and tertiary material introduces an element of weakness, also.

If the earlier chroniclers erred in shading, emphasis, or interpretation, repetition but serves to confirm either a myth or a blurring of the operational reality. The ordeal of the Omaha landing has not yet been adequately described nor has anyone yet traced the direct connection between the deviations from course of practically the whole wave of Navy small boats and the subsequent demoralization and stagnation of the infantry assault force, set ashore where absolutely nothing looked familiar.

Morison portrays vividly and candidly how close that mighty effort came to total failure. He puts the beginning of recovery too early in the day and, in my judgment, underestimates the decisive impact of the U.S. airborne on the over-all Normandy operation. But he has been honest with his sources and when he writes of battle what comes forth is all fire and movement. I simply comment that there are greater depths to the Omaha story than have yet been told.

One other point is more disturbing. A generous writer in his attitude toward his fellow men, Morison likes to give personal credit wherever due. So in analyzing the origins of a plan, such as the broadening of the front for the Normandy invasion, or the refinement of this general concept whereby the airborne drop behind Utah Beach was affirmed, he specifies the why, the when, and the who. What puzzles me is why, after dealing earlier with the same data and the same witnesses, I find we quite often come out with quite different answers. Maybe Clio, the Muse, is a five-letter word.

Maybe a review is no place to raise such captious points as these. It would be far more fun to talk it out with Morison, as happened on other questions during the war, always to my benefit. But I would want his legion of friends to know he has written another lusty, thrilling tale, worthy of his great service. None but sheep thieves, suckers of eggs, and enemies of home cooking could fail to relish it.

An Invasion That Didn't Occur

***"Operation Sea Lion," by Peter Fleming** (Simon & Schuster. 323 pp. $5), is an account of what happened during the summer of 1940, when the Nazis were poised to invade Britain. Our reviewer, Telford Taylor, a member of the New York bar, was U.S. chief of counsel at the Nuremberg trials.*

By Telford Taylor

PETER Fleming's "Operation Sea Lion," is a lucid and readable account of a few months in the summer of 1940 that were a turning-point of world history. "Sealion" was the Germans' code word for their projected invasion of England.

Despite its martial subject-matter, many parts of the story are even gay. Mr. Fleming writes with relish of the days when Britons knew that they were in dire peril, and yet could not quite bring themselves to believe that there ever could be so unheard of a thing as an invasion. He writes, too, as an informed eyewitness, for he was then an officer of the Grenadier Guards on detached service for the War Office, and his special task was to organize light guerilla forces to harass the Germans behind their lines, in the event of their penetration from the beaches into the countryside.

This and many other fascinating details of the British defensive plans are likely to come as fresh if not surprising information to many of Mr. Fleming's readers. The interval between the Fall of France and the Battle of Britain was short, and the course of events on British soil was obscured by those more sensational episodes. For obvious reasons the British were not eager to publicize the nature and scope of their prepara-

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tions to meet an invasion, for secrecy was one of their most valuable weapons at that desperate juncture. Although by grace of the "miracle of Dunkirk" the greater part of the British Expeditionary Force had been brought home, it was disorganized and virtually unarmed.

So a brief but extraordinary chapter in the history of Britain passed almost unnoticed by the world at large. Mr. Fleming has exhumed it from the records and memories in which it lay buried, and with great skill has enabled us to relive the halcyon days of the Home Guard, when the Mid-Devon Hunt, armed with shotguns and proudly sporting the brassards signifying their military status, patrolled the moors to guard against airborne invaders; when church bells were silent and road signs vanished; and when the British tried, without much success, to set the sea on fire.

On the German side, Mr. Fleming's account is based largely on the captured military documents concerning *Seeloewe* (Sealion), and the diaries and postwar writings of some of the surviving participants such as General Franz Halder, at that time Chief of the Army General Staff. Especially enlightening are the chapters on Hitler's conceptions and outlook after the Fall of France, as it dawned on him that the British were not going to capitulate, and he confronted the knotty problem of what he should do next.

EXCELLENT as these sections are, Mr. Fleming does not paint the German picture with the sure touch that is so manifest in his treatment of the British scene. Perhaps this is the necessary result of the book's boundaries in time and space. The British side of the story is, after all, much the simpler. After Dunkirk and the French capitulation, the British leaders faced no agonizing strategic issues, for their resources were so small that they had no range of choice. They could only steel themselves to endure the blows that were about to fall.

For the Germans, in contrast, everything depended on decisions of ultimate strategy. How could the powerful but ill-balanced Wehrmacht be used to induce or force Britain to make peace, and thus bring the war to a successful conclusion? "Hitler knows that he will have to break us in this island or lose the war," said Churchill to the Commons on the day France sued for an armistice. But Hitler faced that fact with the greatest reluctance; for months he toyed with rosy hopes of a capitulation. This self-indulgence may well have been the salvation of England and the Allied cause, for it stayed Hitler's hand and gave the British a breathing spell at the moment when they were most vulnerable.

ILL-INFORMED, emotional, desultory, and prone to wishful thinking, Hitler was incapable of strategic leadership. Nor did any Great Captains emerge from among the professionally competent generals, for their range of vision was too limited. The Germans were unprepared for an invasion of England, because no one had ever thought about it. In 1937, Goering and Udet had decided to do without long-range four-motored bombers. The Navy had always been a poor relation, and half of it was lost in Norway before the main campaign in the West began. The British Army was allowed to escape from Dunkirk. Despite all these blunders, there were a few weeks in June and July of 1940 when the British were so weak that the Germans might have been able to get a foothold in the islands and, once ashore, there would have been nothing to stop them.

In a book about a planned military operation which was never undertaken, the might-have-beens are perforce the climax of the story. "No one can say for certain that Hitler would have won the war if he had carried out the invasion, or that his failure to carry it out made his defeat inevitable," Mr. Fleming cautions us, but he concludes that this failure "left in the hands of his enemies the tools with which they laid the foundations of his ruin, and without those tools, even though it is possible to proclaim a blind faith in Hitler's ultimate downfall, it is not possible to reconstruct the circumstances in which it could have been brought about."

In that summer of 1940, Hitler was on the verge of conquests the undoing of which would have taken years and, if Allied resistance had continued, would have extended World War II deep into the atomic age. We are indeed fortunate that the consequences remain in the realm of speculation.

DULY NOTED: "At Whatever Cost," by R. W. Thompson (Coward-McCann, $3.50), uses official records, including von Rundstedt's report to Hitler, to reconstruct a narrative of the Dieppe raid, which cost more than 65 per cent British casualties. Full of personal reminiscences of the combatants, Mr. Thompson's story reads like a highly dramatic novel, yet presents the tactical details with exceptional clarity. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

"The O.S.S. and I," by William J. Morgan (Norton, $3.75), offers an almost complete armchair course in the technique of spying, sabotage, and waging guerilla warfare. The author, a Ph.D. in psychology from Yale, tested and screened candidates in a British spy school, then wangled an assignment for himself with the Maquis in France, organizing and commanding a bunch of cut-throat saboteurs and ambushers at the time of the Normandy invasion. He tells his story with verve and reasonable

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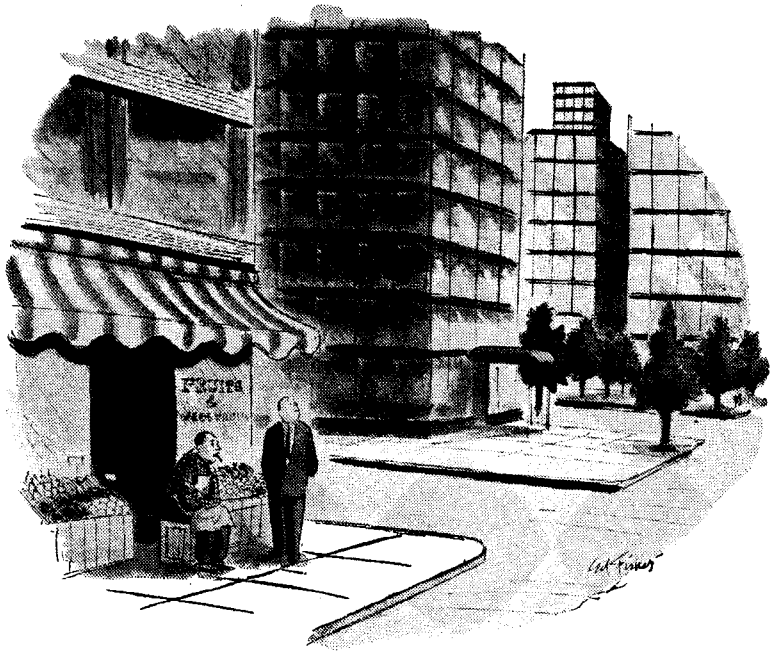

"I'm licked in this neighborhood—everyone's growing his own!"

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FICTION

—From the book.

"A man examines his life and seeks to explain himself to himself."

A Look in the Mirror

"Coup de Grace," by Marguerite Yourcenar *(translated by Grace Frick and the author. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 151 pp. $3), a novel by the author of "Hadrian's Memoirs," is the autobiographically told story of a young soldier who finds it impossible to return a girl's love.*

By Ben Ray Redman

AMERICAN readers of Madame Yourcenar's "Hadrian's Memoirs," so beautifully translated by its author and Grace Frick, will take up "Coup de Grace" with lively expectations. But, if they come to it with the hope of matching the literary experience provided by the earlier translation, they will be disappointed. "Coup de Grace" is a far less substantial book than "Hadrian's Memoirs." It is less ripe in wisdom, less mature in expression, less subtle and various in its psychological insights, less rich in narrative interest, less comprehensive in its scope.

All this may be due, in part, to the fact that in the one book the author is probing the mind of a great and fascinating Roman emperor, who inherited an empire that was a world, while in the other book she is probing the mind of a young man, unknown to history, who is shallow, egotistical, even repellent. But more important, as a key to the differences between these two works of fiction, is the fact that "Coup de Grace," although it has just now been put into English, was actually written more than ten years before "Hadrian's Memoirs." During those years Marguerite Yourcenar developed greatly, and elegantly, as a literary artist.

Yet it is obvious that these "autobiographical" narratives are from the same hand, for they exhibit likenesses as well as differences. In each a man examines his life and seeks to explain himself to himself—and to others. Hadrian, feeling that he is nearing the end of the road, begins to write a letter to his adopted grandson, Marcus Aurelius; the letter turns into "the written meditation of a sick man who holds audience with his memories."

ERICK VON LHOMOND, wounded in Franco's service during the Spanish Civil War, finds himself at five o'clock one rainy morning in the railway station at Pisa, waiting with some companions for the train that will take him back to Germany; he begins to tell the story of his experience while fighting with the White Russians against the Bolsheviks in the Baltic province of Kurland, and his story becomes a revelation of the kind of man he is.

Erick, like Hadrian, is given to restraint and understatement; when he deals with passion he does so dispassionately. His manner, like Hadrian's, is grave. His story, like the Roman's, has the classic virtues of sobriety and economy, and a remarkable evenness of emphasis. Indeed, the modulations of the narrative tone are hardly perceptible.

In "Hadrian's Memoirs," it will be remembered, there was no dialogue at all; in "Coup de Grace" there are only a few lines of conversation. Finally, while we are looking for similarities, it is interesting to note that both Hadrian and Erick are homosexuals. The one loves Antinoüs, the Bithynian. The other loves his cousin, Conrad, heir to the Baltic Counts of Reval.

It is because Erick loves Conrad that he is unable to return the passionate love of Conrad's sister, Sophie; and it is upon the hinge of Erick's inability to love Sophie that the tragedy of "Coup de Grace" revolves.

The scene of the drama is Conrad's ancestral home, Kratovitsy, "in a backwoods region of Kurland, near what used to be the old frontier between Russia and Germany." Here Erick and Conrad have spent many happy boyhood days; here, after the end of the First World War, in which they were just too young to fight, they find themselves together once again.

The old, vast house has become a command post for the White forces, but Sophie and an aged aunt are still living there, two women among many men. In the midst of sporadic clashes between Whites and Reds Sophie's passion flowers, and is bitterly blighted by Erick's act of rejection. The final act of the tragedy would be insufferably melodramatic, were it not for the gravity of the author's treatment of it.

In a prefatory note Madame Yourcenar says that "Coup de Grace" "relates a true story, derived from the oral account of the principal character concerned," and that in it she has wished to present "a self-portrait, as it were, of a certain type of soldier of fortune; international, and such as is known in our time." What she has done, coldly, dryly, is to draw the likeness of an absolute egotist whose character has been warped by sexual inversion. In Erick we can believe; it is harder to believe in Sophie, while Conrad is only a name. Interesting as it is for its own sake, "Coup de Grace" —an almost pure example of the *roman démeublé*—is even more interesting as a precursor of "Hadrian's Memoirs."

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Passage to Egypt

"Revolution and Roses," by P. H. Newby *(Knopf. 261 pp. $3.50), is a comic novel of the Naguib-Nasser revolt which deposed King Farouk.*

By Carlos Baker

WHEN Elaine Brent, the British heroine of P. H. Newby's second Egyptian novel, "Revolution and Roses," arrives in Alexandria one sultry morning, she learns that the Naguib-Nasser revolution has just begun. Like any proper English newspaperwoman, though she is on vacation and even lacks an Egyptian visa, she delicately scents the possibility of a world scoop: a report on the revolution from inside Cairo, maybe even an interview with King Farouk. So she jumps ship, bypasses a thoroughly demoralized custom house, and climbs into the rickety caboose of a long train of events, chiefly farcical. Before she reaches the locomotive which bears her home to London, she has been immersed in sea water, been fed cold chicken in an Alexandrian villa, been insulted by a gloriously wounded Egyptian lieutenant, had her hair washed and waved in a Cairo beauty shop, and (after some few delaying actions) has gained a husband. What more, one might ask, could the desultory hammock-reader desire for a midsummer night's entertainment?

Well, to be frank, the reader might be justified in asking for more form and less formula. Mr. Newby is by now perhaps too much aware that his work has been happily compared with that of E. M. Forster. One of his characters, late in the present novel, even quotes from "A Passage to India." In this latest passage to Egypt, furthermore, he seems a little too obviously to be seeking to repeat the remarkable—and deserved—success which he scored in 1955 with "The Picnic at Sakkara." "The Picnic" carried the conviction of something experienced at first hand. Indeed, Mr. Newby once taught English literature at what used to be called King Fouad I University in Cairo. But "Revolution and Roses" has the air of something trumped up out of the whole cloth, which is to say out of slightly yellowed newspaper clippings and an active imagination.

The theme of the two novels is much the same. It might be summed up about as follows: East is East, West is West, and though the twain are meeting much more frequently these days, there is still ample room for misunderstanding. "The Picnic" pointed up the problem through the friendship of Edgar Perry, a British professor, and Muawiya Khaslat, an ebullient and unpredictable Egyptian student whose membership in the Moslem Brotherhood was at odds with his admiring respect for his English friend.

In the present novel, Newby dramatizes the conflict through a triangle. Its indices are Elaine Brent, unmarried at thirty and somewhat worried about it; Lieutenant Mahmoud Yehia, a handsome young officer in the Egyptian army whose pleasant duty it is to capture Elaine; and Tim Blainey, a rather colorless young English writer ten years Elaine's junior who, to speak plainly, is never in the running. An armful of yellow roses from Lieutenant Yehia is enough to foment a revolution in Elaine's way of life. And so it does, while young Tim never achieves a higher stature than that of a good-natured go-between. Muawiya was a far more complex character than Lt. Yehia, and Edgar Perry struggled much more valiantly against the mysterious Middle East than Elaine Brent ever has to do.

"We love you, but get out and leave us to our own devices." This, in effect, was what Muawiya said to Perry in "The Picnic." The present remake glosses over the problem with a somewhat incredible East-West romance. Egyptian nationals and British colonials still retain their pleasant air of frenetic illogicality. Yet against the revolutionary background, the new personae tend to seem simply awkward and bloodless, like puppets with a purpose.

—Deste.

P. H. Newby—"puppets with a purpose."

THE CONTESSA'S RETURN: A veteran storyteller, Frank Swinnerton knows how to mix the elements of mystery, violence, and domestic life into a tale full of surprise and revelation. In **"The Woman from Sicily"** (Doubleday, $3.75) he has told a psychological murder tale with overtones of irony and a deft analysis of character.

The scene is the East Anglian town of Prothero, a mellow, leisurely, self-contained market town, half isolated by tidal creeks and marshes, which Mr. Swinnerton chats about in a frankly old-fashioned way. The time is 1910, and in the household of Mary Reeves Grace all is quiet and secure. Happily the elder Mrs. Grace, "the Contessa," has gone to Sicily, land of love and hatred, where people are alive and tempestuous. On the strength of her black hair and darting eyes she claimed to be half-Italian, and she scorned the pallid wife of her only son.

Four years later, in the summer of 1914, the even tenor of the Grace life is abruptly broken when a strange woman calls at the law offices of Barraway and Grace. Immediately afterward dire old Barraway disappears and Jerome Grace falls into an abstracted melancholy. When Barra-

(*Continued on page* 37)

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 734

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 734 will be found in the next issue.

IS PONI PLS'C

UNLFTSLPDHN GTU CYN

FNTFHN AYT

DNHPNQN PS PC.

OTS EIUKBPL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 733

Fame, like a wayward girl, will still be coy to those who woo her with too slavish knees.

—KEATS.

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The Atlantic Idea

IT USED to be that this country sat aloof and disdainful from "Europe's quarrels"—by which was meant, more generally, almost anything that went on in the world outside our borders. In the two world wars of this century the United States, in the beginning, had only one desire—*to stay clear of war*, despite the pleas of England and France that we cast our lot with them. Today we find a total reversal of this whole situation. In England and France there now exists a large and bitter anti-American sentiment. And it is in America, now, that the need for alliances in this world is almost universally recognized.

This new situation is made abundantly clear by the answers to a question we asked not long ago of a cross-section of the American public. Our relations with England and France were badly strained when these two nations, without consulting us, began their ill-starred Suez adventure. We were outraged at their breach of the international peace. They were outraged that we did not instantly throw our weight with them against "that Hitler of the Middle East, Colonel Nasser."

Ever since then the alliance of those Western powers, which twice in this century has preserved the freedom of the Western world, has been under a heavy and dangerous strain. Does the American public understand and care? The answer is—it does.

Here is the question we asked and the answers we received:

> Last year's crisis over the Suez Canal and the Middle East caused a great strain between the U.S. and its allies, England and France. Do you think it *essential* that we get this alliance fixed up, or merely *desirable*, or do you think it really *doesn't matter* whether we get it fixed up or not?

Essential we get alliance fixed up	66%
Not essential, but desirable	18%
Really doesn't matter	9%
Don't know	7%
	100%

It is hard to remember when any political question got such strongly positive answers, or when the undecided formed so small a part of the total. The American public is very clear in its understanding that the absolute first duty of our foreign policy is to preserve the ties that bind us to our fellow democracies of Europe.

In recent months Europe has been moving ahead toward a new cohesiveness of its own with the formation of a common market and an atomic energy pool. The economic benefits of these moves promise to be great. What is the role of the United States in these developments? Is it enough for us to stand by, pleased and encouraging, giving our blessing to the new turn of European events? Should we welcome Europe as a potential "third force" in the field of world power? Should we assume that we could lose nothing and stand only to gain from the changing structure of Europe? I don't think we can make that assumption. In fact, I think we are making a great mistake if we do.

There are two obvious dangers. One is that there might again someday be an unfriendly Germany which might come to dominate an economically unified Europe; the other is that Europe itself, newly confident of its united strength, might become rigidly neutralist or even unfriendly to us.

But there is another point of view from which we can look at these new developments of the European idea. Let us agree that it is a good idea, but then let us ask whether there is an even better idea. I think there is. I think if we will free our minds for a minute we will see that all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the European idea would obtain if we expanded it into an Atlantic idea. With the United States on the outside, there will always be at least the *risk* that European power—or trade—can be turned against us. With the United States itself drawn closer into this common trading area, we can share in the benefits of an integrated economy.

As we moved closer to Europe economically, there would be an inevitable tendency to move closer politically. The administration of the closer economic relations would require closer integration of each government's policies. We already have the beginning of joint military planning. The benefits of coordinating our economic policies are substantial. Political and diplomatic coordination or integration by some means or other would be expected to follow. I believe this would be a development which would be of great benefit both to Europe and ourselves.

FOR better or worse, we are bracketed with Europe in the eyes of the rest of the world, and much will depend on whether we make it a fortunate or injurious bracketing. We can win the world's friendship only through the good example we set—in the just and humane relations we establish within our countries and with the rest of the world outside. Unlike the Communists, we cannot bypass the normal channels to good will by subversion and infiltration, conscienceless propaganda, and ultimately, if the circumstances seem propitious, the use of military force. True, we have our wealth, but we are too intelligent to suppose that, in the long run, purchased friendship would be much of a bulwark against the hatred of oppressed, perpetual "have-not" peoples.

To put it in the simplest terms, if we established closer economic *and* political ties with Europe we would be richer and stronger and better able to win the struggle for survival our country and our civilization are now fighting in various degrees of cold, hot, and lukewarm war.

—Elmo Roper.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MISS MONROE FOR OUR MOVIES

HOLLIS ALPERT is all wrong about Otto Preminger and his "Saint Joan" (*SR* June 29). Alpert is concerned about art and Mr. Preminger about money. The film industry is a business and not an art form, and we would get few such reviews if *SR* would understand that. For the people who want Shaw as he is written go see the play or read it. The mistaken idea that Hollywood wants to make art is the cause of all the howling and laments, and it is time the facts were put right.

Mr. Preminger is spending someone's money and he has to get it back, and a lot more. He is well aware, I'm sure, that "Saint Joan" is a great play, but also that the name Shaw is box-office. "Saint Joan" as a film theme has died three times, and there ain't a dime in her at the box-office. But Shaw will sell. The Catholics don't like the play. So you get a Catholic writer to get a seal of purity by rewriting Shaw. Great acting on the screen doesn't bring in the money, but publicity does, sometimes. Nobody in his sane mind is going to run a four-hour picture in his theatre, unless it's by DeMille, so you have to cut it down.

What Mr. Preminger has made is a fine this-year's model, all shiny and full of horsepower to make an honest buck. Shaw talks too much anyway, and what he says makes people think. Did you ever try to think with your mouth full of candy and trying to hold a girl's hand? Words are dangerous things. But real water and battle-scenes and burning a girl with real fire are something anyone can enjoy, especially in full color and wide screen.

I haven't seen Mr. Preminger's "Saint Joan." I am reading Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" all this season. If I can rework it to fit Sophia Loren and Kirk Douglas I know where I can sell it for a motion picture. Hollis Alpert must go. May I put forward the name of Marilyn Monroe as your next film critic? She writes like a mink.

STEPHEN LONGSTREET.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

BARBADOS IN DECLINE?

JEROME BEATTY writes well of Barbados (TRADE WINDS, *SR* June 29), which is, or was until a year or two ago, one of the few places left in the Caribbean area not impregnated with American cultural and economic poison, an island that is still, in the main, British. My information is, though, that it is rapidly going the way of Jamaica, the Bahamas, and so forth.

MARC T. GREENE.

Thomaston, Me.

LET'S FACE FACES

GILBERT SELDES'S "America and the Face of N. Khrushchev" (*SR* June 29) wrings applause from this sector. Our anti-Communists seem to be so blinded by their hatred, so intent on continuing a Cold War, and seemingly so desperate for an excuse to make it a hot one, we have wondered if what they don't really need is a psychiatric examination. We can cope with problems if we're willing to face facts. I am glad Mr. Seldes has had the wit and courage to say so out loud.

ROSE G. LEVAN.

East Chicago, Ind.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"But I've spent a lot of time carving this head— the least you can do is to let me try it on."

WHO'S CATTY NOW?

WHILE I AGREE in principle with almost every point that Mr. Ernest Earnest makes in his "The Catty School of Writing" (*SR* June 29), I cannot subscribe to the means that he uses to make these points. For his churlish diatribe, sensible though it may be in relation to the subject matter, is the very essence of "cattiness"; therefore, the author defeats whatever purpose he may have had in writing the article. Witness the following phrases and quotes from Mr. Earnest's literary homily: "the *notorious* unwillingness of educated American men to read modern fiction"; Helen Howe's *"zoological preoccupation,"* "that *pretty much* takes care of Joyce, Kafka, Proust, Marx, Socrates, Palm Sunday, and the Pope," etc.; "what can one expect of a character named *Theodosia*?"

Such petulant carping would be excusable, if not expected, except that Mr. Earnest makes the inexcusable mistake of considering Helen Howe, Jean Stafford, Nancy Hale, and Mary McCarthy as important writers—which, of course, they are not.

JOHN N. WILSON.

Rio Linda, Calif.

IT WAS CARLYLE

IN "THE CATTY SCHOOL OF WRITING" I find the following statement: "When Emerson heard that Margaret Fuller said that she accepted the Universe, he remarked 'Gad, she'd better.'"

It was Thomas Carlyle who made this remark, not Emerson.

G. PHILIP WARDNER.

Boston, Mass.

NO WARM GLOWS

AS EARNEST WRITES, it is almost impossible today to find a witty book by an American writer that approaches a warm glow of humanity. I imagined I found one in Robertson Davies's "Leaven of Malice" a couple of years ago, but even that could not hold up under the scrutiny of a second reading.

ALBERT M. COHN.

Providence, R. I.

WHO'S ALIVE?

HAVE YOU STOPPED reviewing all mystery and crime novels? Certainly it is as important an art form as jazz. Even granting that most mystery novels are bad books (which I don't), have you ever considered what would happen to the publishing industry (and you) if only worthwhile books were published? Can you imagine an industry founded on a dozen books a year (or less)?

Get hep, boys; it's the *bad* books which keep multitudes of printers, publishers, advertising men, agents, typists, secretaries, booksellers, truck drivers, writers, and writers' relatives alive.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL GAULT.

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Master Hamlet and Saint Viola

STRATFORD, ONTARIO.

THE fifth summer of the Shakespeare Festival Theatre of Canada is notable, not only because the most unique and exciting theatre in North America has moved from a temporary tent to a beautiful permanent building, but also because it presents two stars many consider the finest classic performers of the younger generation. One, twenty-eight-year-old Christopher Plummer, is instantly recognizable as a potential Sir Laurence Olivier. He is even recognizable as such in this, his first "Hamlet," which, though deficient in some important respects, courageously explores the softer side of the role and its opportunities for humor.

Plummer's Hamlet begins "too much in the son," a melancholy lad who weeps and whimpers every time he thinks of his mother's hasty remarriage. When his father's Ghost appears he is scared to look at it and swoons in the arms of his comrades. Instead of being resolved by the Ghost's tale, he is distracted to the point of suicide. Indeed, Mr. Plummer delivers his "To be or not to be" with knife poised in mid-air. And a little later he reminds us again of the childlikeness of his interpretation by beating a tiny drum in accelerating anticipation of his plot to catch his uncle's conscience with a replay of old King Hamlet's murder.

This first half thus serves as a petulant prologue in which Hamlet seems, more often than not, a spoiled, highly-strung mother's-boy. Such an interpretation is interesting, but because it does not balance physical cowardice with an admirable mental insistence upon the truth at all costs it tends to reduce a dramatic figure into a case study. The second half improves somewhat as Hamlet undertakes a more positive course of action. Mr. Plummer's most effective scene comes when he turns his anger and sarcasm on the court and on Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. He gets marvelous humor as he plays hide-and-seek with the pursuing courtiers. And when Hamlet sees the admirable Fortinbras leading his army to fight in Poland, and realizes his own limitations, Mr. Plummer speaks "From now on my thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth" in self-mocking derision. Even in the death scene Mr. Plummer refuses to let Hamlet rise to a mature nobility. For when the dying prince hears the martial music of Fortinbras's approaching army he reverts to a moment of childish delight by playfully taking a couple of futile marching steps.

The production around Hamlet is splendiferous and ornate, underlining director Michael Langham's point that the court of Denmark has become rotten and corrupt. Desmond Heeley's costumes are lush and romantic, and the audience bursts into applause when a gold-fringed orange carpet is suddenly rolled out for the play-within-a-play scene. Mr. Langham also introduces the unusual notion that Ophelia's madness and suicide were prompted by pregnancy. While there is some internal evidence for it, this conception proves abortive because, even though it affords Frances Hyland the opportunity for a skilful operatic performance, it also weakens Hamlet's character still further.

This is a "Hamlet" more memorable for its touches of fresh interpretation and its production grandeur than it is for its impact on our souls. It is not fulfilment of Mr. Plummer's promise, but does constitute a welcome development of his instrument in the non-stentorian direction that may serve him well in future roles and, it is hoped, in a future "Hamlet."

THE second star, whose "Saint Joan" has already earned her stage immortality, is Siobhan McKenna. As Viola in Tyrone Guthrie's production of "Twelfth Night," Miss McKenna successfully applies some of the qualities that made her Joan so great. With economical grace and shining eye she creates Illyria out of bare boards as divinely as if she had had a vision of Heaven. When she disguises herself as a man or as half a man, there is the familiar boyish pleasure at being free of the necessity to act feminine. When she falls in love with Orsino it is as complete as a religious conversion, and when she prays that her brother may still be alive God would answer if Shakespeare didn't. Finally, when near the end of the play she volunteers to be tortured and killed by Orsino if it will bring him comfort she walks through him into the hearts of the audience.

Dr. Guthrie has astutely used the Irish actress's unrivaled capacity for sudden surges of spirit to transfuse high emotional voltage into a rather arbitrary love-masque. He has bid her use a higher than natural voice, which helps us to differentiate between this role and Joan. Vocally, Miss McKenna is at her best in the short speeches which she fills with intense emotion and sadness. Her "Was not this love indeed?" is unforgettably moving. Somewhat less effective is her delivery of the famous "willow-cabin" speech, for by trying to fill each line with personal truth her own highly-individual rhythms and emphases sometimes clash with Shakespeare's measured lyrical flow.

With the security of Miss McKenna's power, Dr. Guthrie feels free to play his clowns as less silly than is the lamentable tradition. Sir Toby, Maria, and Sir Andrew are well-defined characters. In the latter role Mr. Plummer is again reminiscent of Olivier, as he balances comic tricks with a characterization we can believe in. Really funny is the moment when Sir Andrew says of fooling, "But I do it more natural," and involuntarily demonstrates by suddenly plummeting out of sight through an open trap-door. Making Shakespeare's clowns into real people instead of mere affectations has the advantage of keeping the audience ready to laugh as they see each new situation approaching. However, Dr. Guthrie does not completely abandon his predilection for the superimposed piece of farcical business. In this "Twelfth Night" his niftiest invention is a double stairway one-and-a-half take. By having Viola coming down one side while her twin brother is whisking up the other, and allowing Malvolio to see both just a fraction of a second too far apart to realize that he has seen not one but two, he creates a quick stunning laugh and adds a feeling of speed to the proceedings.

Another fine innovation is Dr. Guthrie's decision not to play Feste as an effete, prancing jester. Bruno Gerussi's wise fool is earthy and never lets us forget that he has a daily problem of earning food and shelter in a world that can be very cruel. Since the puritanical Malvolio threatens his livelihood, Feste is partially justified in his cruelty to him, just as Shylock was in his hatred of Antonio. Douglas Rain plays the pompous steward very straight, which though it detracts somewhat from the hilarity improves the balance of the play. When at the evening's end the cast joins with Feste in the singing of "the rain it raineth every day" (with new music by John Cook that makes it resemble a rhythmic Yiddish lament) we feel we are experiencing life instead of the traditional cultural exercise that Shakespeare's plays so often become.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Twice-Told Tales

IT HAS often been said, in explanation of what are sometimes painfully obvious similarities between one picture and another, that there are really only seven basic story-situations anyway. With Hollywood alone turning out about 300 pictures every twelve months, a certain amount of duplication is to be expected—especially after all these years. And so, combining this logic with commercial cunning, the studios today are turning back to earlier successes, refurbishing them with (as Cole Porter put it) "Technicolor, CinemaScope, and Stereophonic Sound," and sending them forth anew with titles like **"An Affair to Remember," "Silk Stockings,"** or **"Interlude"** so that the public won't confuse them with "Love Affair," "Ninotchka," or "When Tomorrow Comes"—the originals, which we might have caught on our TV sets a week or two ago. Thanks to television, this has become the age of the surreptitious re-make.

Not that re-making a former hit is of itself either deplorable or dishonest. But there are difficulties. Many of the situations, many of the values that we could accept with equanimity twenty years ago now seem antiquated and absurd. An old plot retains its period flavor just as stubbornly as an old film; and updating a story without altering basic motivations is about as effective as mounting a Thunderbird chassis over a Model T engine. This proves to be the main trouble with "Interlude," the kind of saccharine romance known unflatteringly to the trade as "a woman's picture." In its modernization, the scene has been switched from Long Island to present-day Munich, the heroine from a waitress to a librarian of Munich's Amerika Haus—and the hero, in keeping with this general aggrandizement, from a world-famous concert pianist to a world-famous concert pianist *and* conductor. But once the views of Munich, Salzburg, and the tidy Austrian countryside are behind us, we are left with the familiar spectacle of two noble souls in love with each other and a demented wife to keep them apart. The air is filled with lofty protestations of passion and sorrowful renunciations that may have brought out the handkerchiefs when uttered by Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne back in 1939. As recited by June Allyson and Rossano Brazzi, however, they sound merely vapid, depressing, and unbelievable. Incidentally, if Jane Wyatt's portrait of an Amerika Haus cultural worker bears any resemblance to reality, Congress would do well to investigate USIS all over again.

* * *

Far more successful is Leo McCarey's re-working of "Love Affair," which now has Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr in the roles originally created by Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne. (There was a time when it seemed that *every* movie starred Irene Dunne.) McCarey has had the good sense not to pretend that this romantic comedy is ever anything more than that, meanwhile exploiting a quality so long absent from the screen that it comes through with all the force of a brand new discovery—namely, charm. Jerry Wald, the producer of "An Affair to Remember," stopped off in New York long enough recently to observe that one reason there were so few real love stories being made any more was because there were so few actors who could play them convincingly. "Today's actors," he said, "either look good and talk lousy or they look lousy and talk good." Well, Cary Grant, an early exponent of cinematic charm, still looks good and talks good—and his graceful performance as an indigent playboy who falls in love with another man's mistress is one good reason for seeing this film.

* * *

The producers of "Silk Stockings" have gone about their face-lifting operations in still another way, and one that has become perhaps the most familiar of all. With the help of Cole Porter, they have turned Ernst Lubitsch's memorable "Ninotchka" into a musical. Despite its Broadway stopover, however, this proves to be simply the latest in that long series of old movies that have had songs and dances grafted onto them. It is a process that coarsens the content and distends the line of what was originally a tight, unified conception. And even the presence of such capable performers as Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Janis Paige, and Peter Lorre does little to lighten the burden of a satirical plot that, although oversimplified to the point of imbecility, still remains too ponderous for a good musical.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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TV AND RADIO

A Sad Start—A Sorry End

WITHIN a single week one of the oldest dramatic shows in television came to the end of its run and one of the bright new half-hour filmed series, to which all hour-long drama has succumbed (or soon will succumb), made its bow. An instructive, somewhat frightening confrontation.

Nothing in the varied career of "The Robert Montgomery Hour" so little honored it as its sign-off. Overblown, pretentious, stooping for popularity and failing even to be mildly interesting, this 1957 version of "Faust" seemed to be a demonstration of all the reasons why hour-drama wasn't worth keeping on the air. And nothing in the first program of "The George Sanders Theatre" could prevent us from thinking that a new low in routine, imitative, and degrading programs had been hit.

The future is more important to us than the past—let us look first at the Sanders show. It begins in outright word-for-word, look-for-look duplication of the Hitchcock show: the bland wickedness, the humor about murder, the superior accent—and Sanders is good, but Hitch has spoiled us for imitations. And all this is prelude, anyhow. We proceed to the show. Or rather we would proceed to it if we had no memory.

We remember that some time ago *The New Yorker* printed a story about a peculiarly sadistic man whose pleasure it was to torture his wife. She liked to get to depots and airports in leisurely time. He, by inventing last-minute necessities, just before the cab left or while they were en route, saw to it that she never got anywhere except at the last panicky moment. So once, when he held her up and went back into the house and got stuck in the self-service elevator, she just went away by herself, got to the airport in time, and at the end of summer came back and reported the elevator stoppage to the authorities. It was a brilliant and rather disturbing story.

On the Sanders show a man gets stuck in an elevator. He gets stuck because his wife has a lover and tampers with the mechanism; she sends him back into the house to fetch something for her and the dirty work is done. But not the story. The man, one of the most upright and kindest people in the world, has befriended a polio victim next door, has taught the lad to spell out Morse code and so, stuck in the elevator, he telegraphs his plight and after many a heart-stopping delay he is saved and confronts his adulterous and (in intent) murderous wife. All in all one of the silliest, cheapest bits of trash visible in years—made memorable only because it degraded a good story into a foolish one.

THE intellectual climax of the 1957 version of "Faust" came when the Devil undertook to counteract Faust's boredom by carrying him off to a diplomatic reception in Moscow complete with a very drunken official who was somewhat startled—as indeed I was—when a disembodied voice declared that there was so a God. We had before then observed a giggling Helen to whom Faust managed to declaim a few lines of Marlowe, and we had a wisp of a Marguerite and a fancy-dress ball (as *she* thought, but it was really Faust consorting with the shades of all the good and evil ones of all time). At the end God and Satan wrestled for Faust's soul.

What was wrong with all this? Not that it was an amusing parody of the Faust legend—because it wasn't amusing. Not that it grappled with ideas too big for the intelligence brought to bear—it grappled with nothing. Faust was presented to us as on the verge of completing the equation which would define—and consequently put into his hands—the power of Creation. But from the moment the Devil supplies the formula, Faust becomes a 1900 man-of-the-world in "faultless evening wear." From that moment we hear nothing of his knowledge of his power and we have the impression Faust has sold his soul for a good time which he isn't getting.

To this sorry end a respectable series had come. It had had its moments, some pretty silly, some fresh and startling. It didn't come to an end because it was all fat and sloppy. It came to an end because the fashion is changing and this was no longer a top example of the losing style.

The various half-hours—most of them Westerns and mysteries—which will take the place of the drama will also vary one from the other. They carry their blight more openly on their foreheads: they are all formula-jobs. That they can be vastly displeasing, the Sanders show has proven.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Newport Jazz Festival Blues

NEWPORT, R. I.

A BADLY needed, spirit-releasing Sunday afternoon of gospel singing and an infectiously devoted orchestra of teenagers were among the disappointingly few memorable experiences at the fourth annual American Jazz Festival at Newport, Rhode Island (July 4-7). In terms of quantity, the inflated package show was exhaustingly successful. By Sunday night, some 45,000 of the hopeful and the curious had attended four evening and three afternoon concerts in addition to two morning panel discussions.

Qualitatively, the Festival was, for the most part, amateurishly programmed, marked by strong undercurrents of confusion. All but two of the concerts were too long. All but these same two—the Sunday gospel session and the Sunday night jazz concert—fielded too many groups.

The gospel program revealed with rocking ardor one of the root-sources of jazz, both early and contemporary. Mahalia Jackson, a woman of immense musical fervor, dominated the afternoon. Next to her in impact were the Drinkard Singers, a family group from Savannah, now resident in Newark. The five women and one man perform with leaping, improvisatory invention; and in their hot, building interchanges resemble an especially spirited jazz combo.

The other revelation of the Festival, the teenagers, was given by the Farmingdale High School Dance Band, directed by Marshall Brown. The average age in this school-sanctioned dance-and-jazz unit from Long Island is fourteen, and the age range is thirteen to seventeen. The band played professional scores with authoritative section precision, good intonation, and healthy zest.

There were a few more unusually moving moments at the Festival. Considering the quantity of talent and the law of averages, however, these moments were very few indeed. The opening night, announced as a fifty-seventh birthday tribute to Louis Armstrong, set the erratic style of the long, long weekend. There were glancing attempts in the first half of the evening to integrate the music into patterns of repertoire and history that were relevant to Armstrong's evolution, but they were minor and intermittent. The opening George Lewis unit from New Orleans (Lewis is Armstrong's age) was a roughly invigorating example of flowing, multi-linear early New Orleans jazz that emphasized collective improvised ensemble playing.

The Red Allen unit was more concerned with hard-breathing showmanship than music, although there were flashes of vital piano by Claude Hopkins. A major joy of the night was Jack Teagarden, who continues to be an extraordinarily warm and personal trombonist. Edward "Kid" Ory, one of the first New Orleans jazzmen of renown, also performed energetically. Ella Fitzgerald, except for some difficulties with her rhythm section, was sure and supple.

The Armstrong part of the program was depressing. He had been asked to vary the set program he plays almost every night these days, but aside from two shallow excerpts from "High Society," Louis bore down on his relentless "good old good ones." He had also been asked not to include his vaudevillian vocalist, Velma Middleton, but he did. In the midst of Miss Middleton's turn, a huge cake was carried on stage, and it was announced that the Newport Festival had set up a $1,000 Louis Armstrong Scholarship to be applied at the school of the student winner's choice. Louis barely acknowledged the grant with a characteristically inappropriate joke, and suddenly closed the concert with the National Anthem. Jack Teagarden and Kid Ory, who had been waiting to be called to play by Louis, remained waiting as did Ella Fitzgerald and Johnny Mercer. The cake, by the way, turned out to be made of wood.

The most delightful music of the first afternoon concert was provided by the deeply mainstream Ruby Braff octet, marked by the virile, singing trumpet of Braff, and most individually by the penetrating clarinet of Pee Wee Russell.

Friday night was an average, uneven package show, although larger than most. George Shearing played a stronger jazz set than has been heard from him in a long while. "You don't mind our enjoying ourselves for one night?" he rhetorically asked.

A set involving Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, and Pete Brown with Jo Jones (who was ubiquitously valuable throughout the Festival) produced some notable, surging Hawkins and muscular Eldridge, although Roy on this and on Sunday night occasionally strained too much. The triple forte wall of brass that is the Stan Kenton orchestra displayed an alarming innocence of dynamics, much power, and very little substance.

The Saturday afternoon concert was, for the most part, excellent. Cecil Taylor, a dauntless welder of blues, modern classical perspectives, and his own insights into a percussive, challenging piano style worked with his quartet, including Steve Lacy, perhaps the only modern jazz soprano saxophonist. Pianist Eddie Costa, who was given only two numbers, burst into a performance of spare strength and irresistible propulsion.

Jackie Paris, the only modern jazz male vocalist of consequence, was buoyantly impressive and the earthy, head-shaking quintet of Horace Silver with Art Farmer underlined the perennial modernity of the blues and Horace's own tough eloquence as a writer. The other groups were variable.

The Saturday and Sunday evening concerts were again lumpy package shows but superior to the first two nights. Positive contributions Saturday were made by Billie Holiday, still the most emotionally compelling of the jazz singers; the increasingly relaxed Dave Brubeck quartet; and there was the fire, delicacy, and strength of the Gerry Mulligan quartet.

Mary Lou Williams made a welcome return to jazz in a set with the Dizzy Gillespie orchestra, but her choice of material could have been fresher although her own playing is as undated as ever. Miss Eartha Kitt rattled through a written history of jazz and the dance, and with three male dancers from the New York City ballet wasted several minutes in three banal exercises in self-display. If the Festival had wanted ethnic dance, they could have engaged Pearl Primus. If they had wanted jazz dance, there is Lee Becker. But the Festival wanted publicity.

Among the groups on the final night, the Jimmy Giuffre trio communicated its uniquely fused folk-blues conviction. The Basie band plus alumni and friends filled the last half of the concert. Most exhilarating was the power and the glory of Jimmy Rushing with the band shouting behind him.

On opening night, Senator Theodore Francis Green of Rhode Island declared that "this year again the program is more ambitious than ever before." Ambitiousness, in fact, overhung the Festival. Artistic responsibility and a concern for arranging the best possible programs *musically* were rarely evident. The American Jazz Festival at Newport has achieved the more transitory aspects of success, but is now tempting itself into oblivion.

—NAT HENTOFF.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Terrestrial Turmoil and the Tourist

—*Horace Sutton.*

Yesterday a smile from an Algerian shopkeeper, today pain ul echoes in the empty bazaars.

OUR sometime traveling companion, Inez Robb, has written in her newspaper column of the mixed nostalgia and frustration which she feels when she reads of the turmoil in North Africa. She fell in love with that part of the world, the lady says, all the way from Casablanca to Tunisia in 1943, when she was a war correspondent. "Now I long for peace to return to this tumultuous land so that I may go back as a tourist for a long browse through Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, and beyond," says Miss Inez. "Much of the landscape is reminiscent of Southern California, New Mexico, and Arizona. It is often beautiful and wildly romantic. Across the slopes of its mountains and sharp foothills the shadows of evening fall in intense shades of violet and green unique to this region. . . ." From there on madam does a tarantella through a travelogue about the glories of Tebessa and its Temple of Minerva; the city of Constantine "divided down its center by the great gorge of the Rhumel River, a lesser Grand Canyon and urbanized to boot"; the metropolis of Algiers, "an enchanting city rising from a beautiful harbor in a series of sharp hills covered with white buildings, sparkling in the Mediterranean"; and finally Ma rakech, "that peerless Arab metropolis at the foot of the snow-capped A las Mountains 'where the desert me ts the snow.'"

This pa t of the world, the roving Robb expl ins, needs peace far more than it ne ds tourists, but, she says, "speed the day when both will again return to t." We suppose, of course, that there are bigger issues at stake in some nen's countries than the maintenan e of peace in order to secure the tability of economy. Like freedom a d the dissatisfaction with the present rule. But the list of the world's pla ces once enjoyed by travelers and ow afflicted with unrest seems to grow longer with each troubled day. Nasser's intransigence and churl shness have blunted the attractiver ess of Egypt, which for years has been one of the world's most fasc nating tourist lands. We judge that the ordinary traveler who might in o her years have been lured to the Holy Land will think twice now befo e invading Jordan and Israel. An l there are, as Miss Inez has so provokingly explained, the tempting fruits of North Africa, far too dangerous to touch.

Closer to home, the Dominican Republic, whose political advances were always done with an eye to visiting tourists from the United States, blew the whole gambit with the sensational Galindez case—hotels, casinos, beaches, pools, clean streets in Ciudad Trujillo, alleged tomb of Columbus, and all. Cuba finds itself in the middle of a hotel boom and a revolution. While new inns rise on the Havana skyline the Batista regime finds itself shaken by explosions from hill-bound rebels. Last winter a tourist watching it all from his balcony in Havana was killed by a stray bullet. If things don't get better soon it will have a telling toll on this winter's business.

Countries scorched by political unrest who then sit back and watch the retreat from the hotels, the painful echoes from the empty tourist bazaars, the cry of the farmers who have vegetables but no buyers, the wail of the unemployed barmen, bellmen, and bottlewashers know at last the impact of tourism on the national economy. They are also quick to place the blame, whether warranted or not, on the sensationalism of the American press. This bureau was in receipt last week of the longest cablegram that ever landed on its desk. It came out of the Caribbean and it read as follows:

UNDERSIGNED ASSOCIATION OF HAITIAN AND FOREIGN BUSINESSMEN RESIDENT IN PORT AU PRINCE STRONGLY OBJECT TO EXAGGERATED REPORTS OF VIOLENCE IN THIS CITY WHICH HAVE APPEARED IN THE AMERICAN PRESS IN THE LAST MONTH TOP FLIGHTS OF IMAGINATION OF AMERICAN CORRESPONDENTS DESCRIBING UNREST HERE WOULD BE LAUGHABLE WERE THEY NOT DEMOLISHING TOURIST INDUSTRY STOP WE INSIST THAT NO TOURIST HAS BEEN MOLESTED AND THAT ALL PERSONS ESPECIALLY WOMEN ARE INFINITELY SAFER IN PORT AU PRINCE THAN IN NYC STREETS STOP WE ASK THAT YOU PRINT THIS AND INVESTIGATE THOROUGHLY HOWINACCURATEACCOUNTS OF HAITI HAVE BEEN IN THE PAST MONTH STOP EXAMPLE EIGHT SMALL FIRES WERE STARTED AND PROMPTLY STOPPED DURING WHAT WAS DESCRIBED AS A CHAOTIC NIGHT STOP INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS NEWSPAPER FRONT PAGE HEADLINED THIS PORT AU PRINCE QUOTE FIERY JUNGLE UNQUOTE STOP PLEASE ASSIST THIS SMALL AND EXTREMELY DEMOCRATIC NATION REVIVE TOURISM ITS SECOND INDUSTRY STOP OUR PRIVATE NONGOVERNMENT NONPOLITICAL GROUP AT

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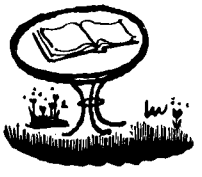
We would like to be able, as M. Roy suggests, to conduct a thorough investigation of whether accounts of the trouble in Haiti were reported accurately or not, but we don't see how that is going to be accomplished. We have been talking at some length with a visitor from that country who was there through all the recent travail and the most telling thing he said to us was, "I have left my wife and children there and certainly I would not have done that if I thought the place was dangerous."

Observers who know the Haitian mentality and the U.S. mentality say that American newspapermen reporting the unrest down there are inclined to take the thing too seriously. American reporters have a logical mind and nothing illogical exists for them. But Haiti is an illogical country, and a good city-trained reporter who interviews the mayor and the chief of police is not likely to come home with the true story about this strange country. It has been recalled that we have sent some very orderly financial experts down to Haiti. They examine the books and say, "But you're bankrupt." Probably, some Haitians say, the country has been bankrupt for 154 years, but still the country lives. They are still functioning and they have no money in the bank. "A Haitian is born in debt and dies in debt," one observer says. "He is born on credit."

Politically, Haiti is still a young nation. The French were expelled in 1804 and Haitians still seem to live with the inherent fear that some day some force will come back to take away their liberty. They live for years, some say, as a nation on a temporary basis.

All this contributes a certain mood and reporters cannot explain the mood of a country in a news dispatch about unrest. According to one sage observer, a newspaperman from the U.S. must record the facts and developments as they impress his conditioned mind. What he sees in the street may well look like a mob and mob-violence. But in Haiti almost any mob is charged with a sense of fun, not hatred and ferocity. There is really



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no crime at all in Haiti, our longtime observer in those parts would have it known. And, as the cable explains, women are perfectly safe. Haitians have no complex about sex. Moreover, they are well-adjusted in this aspect, and no woman is ever molested because she is female.

Some difficulty in assessing the situation on the troubled isle derives from the fact that a white person, no matter how advanced his social point of view, can never really feel the same towards a Negro as he does towards another white person. There is still, our observer says, the difference of races and it obtrudes in relations between whites and blacks.

The problem of the Haitians, it is said by those who know them well, is that they have awakened suddenly in 1957 and there are cars on the street and Frigidaires in some kitchens, and they are not altogether ready for that. The jump from the Machete Age to the Atomic Age has been too abrupt.

In the past six months there were perhaps two days in Haiti that were bad, and these were the days following the removal of Fignolé, the fiery idol of the barefoot peasant. If there was stone-throwing it came from those peasants who were frustrated by his sudden removal by plane in the middle of the night after two weeks in office. A wire service reported to papers all over the United States that Haiti had been turned into a "fiery jungle." But this was no on-the-scene report, because all Haitians and all visitors (newspapermen included) were confined to their homes or hotels by a strict 8-o'clock curfew. As the cable from the merchants of Haiti states, there were eight fires. Most were small. Some think the "fiery jungle" line which was headlined here came from a fiery chief of police whose men had killed Fignolé adherents in the slum lands after the police were stoned by these irate partisans. If Haiti was a "fiery jungle" there would be justification for the killings. Now the police are contrite and there is a rush on the confessionals.

After all, says our sympathetic observer, there has been fighting in Union Square on many a May day, but that didn't stop people from coming to New York. There were political battles on many an Armistice Day in Paris, but it didn't stifle the flow of tourists. Haiti, our man says, is searching for a new way of life and these are the labor pains, but they are the pains of a very gentle people and even in the two bad days there was music, free drinks, and a solicitous word for the tourist at every turn.

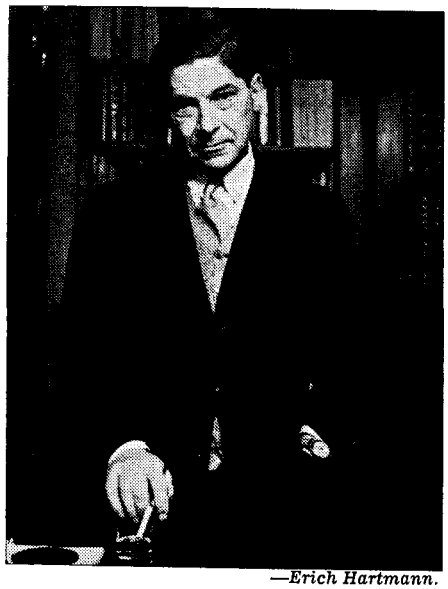
—Horace Sutton.

LAW AND SOCIETY

Human Life and Its Value

"Reflections on Hanging," by Arthur Koestler *(Macmillan. 231 pp. $4.50), and* ***"The Sanctity of Life,' by Glanville Williams*** *(Knopf. 350 pp. $5), are two books concerned with a reverence for life—the first a philippic against capital punishment, the second a discussion of our attitudes toward control of human life, from contraception to euthanasia. Professor Henry Weihofen of the University of New Mexico, who reviews it, was the 1955 winner of the Isaac Ray Award, for his contributions to the relations of law and psychiatry.*

By Henry Weihofen



—*Erich Hartmann.*

Arthur Koestler—"incandescent pen."

THE death penalty has been abolished in most of the civilized world. Only France, England, and the United States, among the western democracies, still retain it, and England has been debating abolition for decades.

Arthur Koestler entered the lists in 1955. Having spent three months under penalty of death during the Spanish Civil War, he had a "vested interest in capital punishment." His "Reflections on Hanging," published first in the London *Observer*, added tremendously to the popular pressure for abolition, and achieved the distinction of being denounced in the House of Lords. The Commons voted to abolish capital punishment, but the bill was defeated by the Lords. The pressure, however, did cause the government to offer a compromise measure—enacted since Koestler's book was published—restricting the death penalty to certain of what are supposed to be more serious types of murder: by shooting, in the commission of larceny, etc. These later developments are traced in an "Afterword," written by Sydney Silverman, M. P.

Why do governments, one of whose great aims is to deter people from killing, consider it necessary themselves to indulge in legalized killing? Koestler lays the reason largely to public ignorance, ignorantly perpetuated by reactionary judges and officials. The public is made to believe that only the hangman can protect them against "cold-blooded killers," when the fact is that the great majority of murders are committed by bungling amateurs, in the course of domestic quarrels, brawls, and drinking bouts, between husband and wife, or between lovers or sex rivals—unplanned, unpremeditated, almost accidental incidents in miserable lives. Murder, in short, is not typically the crime of the professional criminal.

The public is led to believe that abolishing the death penalty is dangerously likely to lead to a crime wave. The statistics refute this. Murder is a complex phenomenon, whose rate of incidence depends on cultural conditions. Two adjoining states having similar social and economic conditions will have essentially the same murder rate, though one may have abolished the death penalty and the other retained it.

We are also assured that modern methods of execution are efficient and that death is almost instantaneous. But Koestler vividly reminds us that this is not true, that some prisoners "have to be carried tied to a chair, others dragged to the trap, limp, bowels open, arms pinioned to the back, like animals; and that still other things happen which should only happen in nightmare dreams." Since courts and juries, like other humans, are not infallible, innocent persons are sometimes convicted; and for those sentenced to death, the mistake is irrevocable.

Koestler has an "incandescent pen,"

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as Professor Edmond Cahn of New York University says in his preface for Americans. He powerfully marshals the evidence to prove the error and the stupidity of the arguments that have been advanced to support capital punishment. The judges of England he particularly calls to account for their callous and wrong-headed opposition to any meliorating reforms, from Lord Ellenborough's insistence in 1810 that if the death penalty were abolished for the crime of shoplifting of an article worth five shillings or more, "depredations of an unlimited extent would be immediately committed," to Viscount Simins's arguments almost 150 years later against suspending the death penalty for a five-year trial period: "We have no right . . . to risk an experiment which may put in jeopardy innocent human lives."

To Koestler, "the Gallows is not only a machine of death, but a symbol." "It is," he says in his conclusion, "the symbol of terror, cruelty, and irreverence for life; the common denominator of primitive savagery, mediaeval fanaticism, and modern totalitarianism."

Reverence for life is also the theme of Professor Glanville Williams of Cambridge University, England. His book, "The Sanctity of Life," expands a series of lectures delivered at Columbia University, discussing the legal, medical, and theological aspects of contraception, abortion, sterilization, artificial insemination, suicide, and euthanasia. Williams is a lawyer, and his concern is with secular policy. Where no sufficient social purpose is served, he believes the law should not interfere on moral or religious grounds.

Regarding contraception, this view has been successful in England in keeping the criminal law from interfering. In this country, however, many states have laws that allow the sale of contraceptives only by subterfuge ("for prevention of disease only"), or that attempt to forbid it entirely. Moreover, in both countries we have a "conspiracy of silence" about birth control. The subject is considered "political dynamite."

The opposition, largely from the Catholic Church, has led to a ban on the dissemination of contraceptive information that Williams calls "scarcely credible in the legislation of a liberal and predominantly Protestant country." Notwithstanding, contraception has become so widespread that the issue today is not whether intelligent people should be allowed to practice it, but "whether knowledge of contraception should be brought by government action to the backward and depressed classes and peoples." The economic aid we are giving abroad may be largely ineffective if it is not accompanied by stabilization of population.

Artificial insemination offers a way for sterile couples to have children. But here again theology has raised objection. Both the Catholic and the Anglican churches gird themselves against donor insemination, though it generally results in the birth of children above the average in their genetic endowment (since the donor is chosen with some care). The objection seems to be that this is "adultery." But even where the donor is the husband, artificial insemination is deemed sinful (though the sin may be evaded, as by the doctor's removing the semen from the wife's vagina a "reasonable" time after intercourse, or by use of a perforated condom: the perforation renders the intercourse "natural" and so not sinful, yet most of the semen is retained and available for medical examination. To such lengths is casuistry pursued).

The arguments for legalizing abortion have not received very wide public support. For one reason, it is commonly assumed that the operation is resorted to mainly by unmarried women to prevent the birth of illegitimate children. But some 90 per cent of criminal abortions occur among married women with three or more children. Why should these women be forced to resort to the illegal practitioners instead of to reputable doctors?

The effect of laws making abortion illegal, says Williams, "is not to eliminate abortion, but to drive it into the most undesirable channels." Competent doctors, if allowed to do so legally, could perform the operation with a minimum of risk, whereas at present the death rate is calculated to be one in 87 cases. At least where pregnancy is a result of rape or incest, or where the child is likely to be seriously defective, both humanity and social policy would seem to call for legalizing abortion, as the Scandinavian countries have done.

Medical science has so prolonged the age span that many people now reach an age of senility where they have lost almost all faculties except digestion. This prolongation of life has also resulted in a great increase in the degenerative diseases, particularly cancer. This development may force us to reexamine our views of the immorality of euthanasia, the merciful extinction of life. Must we keep alive people who have become little more than vegetables? Must a patient suffering agonies from an incurable disease be denied the merciful hastening of death, no matter how he begs for it?

The great weight of medical opinion endorses euthanasia, but both law and the Church forbid. Williams suggests legislation that would allow it, where the medical practitioner acts in good faith, with the consent of the patient, to save him from severe pain in an illness believed incurable and fatal.

Williams detects a trend against attaching penal sanctions to most of the practices he discusses, including suicide and sterilization, in spite of theological opposition. In North Carolina, where it is an active part of the state health program, sterilization "has become part of the people's thinking."

Both books are contributions to our moral progress, which, as Bertrand Russell has said, consists in the main in widening the bounds of human sympathy.

Innocent Men

"Not Guilty," by Jerome Frank and Barbara Frank, in association with Harold M. Hoffman *(Doubleday. 261 pp. $3.75), is a discussion of the treatment of the unjustly convicted. It is reviewed by William M. Kunstler, associate professor of law at New York University.*

By William M. Kunstler

Few things are more disturbing to society at large than the discovery that an innocent man has been punished for another's crime. Yet, in an age in which crime detection has been immeasurably aided by scientific methods and devices, cases of this sort seem, paradoxically enough, to be on the increase. New York City, for example, has had a rash of them in the past year and other metropolises are having similar experiences.

It is this problem of the unjustly convicted that is the subject of Judge Jerome Frank's brief—and last—book "Not Guilty." It is a pity that he did not live to see it through the press. However, his co-author—and daughter—has performed this act of stewardship for him and the result is judicial protest in lay terms.

The Franks, with a strong assist from Harold M. Hoffman, a New York lawyer, have assembled thirty-six cases in which innocent men were convicted. In the main, guilty verdicts were returned because (1) exonerating evidence was suppressed or incriminating evidence fabricated by

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overzealous prosecutors; (2) identifying witnesses were mistaken or perjured themselves; or (3) the defendant could not afford competent counsel or adequate investigation, or both. As a result, most of the accused served sizable prison terms with only a handful being compensated by their states for unjustified incarcerations.

It is impossible to quarrel with Judge Frank's pervading truism that wrongful convictions are "horrible events." But if they cannot be justified, their apparent increase can be partially explained by a factor which the authors ignore completely—the enormous upsurge in reported crime. The 1956 national figures have just been released by Attorney General Brownell and they reveal an enormous rise in the number of all crimes, but particularly of those involving violence. It is small wonder that overtaxed and undermanned law enforcement agencies, pressured by a fearful and often impatient populace, sometimes fail to investigate and process their cases as carefully as they might.

This is, of course, small balm to the innocent man who has served time for someone else's breach of the law. Some states do, however, provide compensation for such miscarriages of justice but, as Judge Frank clearly points out, they are all too few, and even where some remuneration for his lost years is possible for the innocent convictee, it is often so obscured by technicalities that few ever qualify.

To this reviewer, the most significant part of "Not Guilty" is contained in its last chapter. There Judge Frank discusses—much too briefly—a few of the dangers to the defendant of a jury trial. There are many lawyers—among whom I include myself—who share a growing dissatisfaction with jury trials in both criminal and civil cases. As a rule, juries are much more easily swayed by their own prejudices and fears, the mass media, and the awesome power of the state than are judges. This is fully realized by most prosecutors and was graphically illustrated some time ago when the United States Attorney, in the Connecticut Smith Act trial, refused to waive the jury although the defendants desired to do so.

In England, where jury trials had their origin, almost all defendants in criminal cases now waive them. In a few American jurisdictions—Baltimore County, Maryland, for example—the same is true. Most of the sad cases in Judge Frank's book involved jury trials and they bear ample witness to the shortcomings of this method of fact finding. If his book does nothing more, it may lead some readers to reappraise a system that may only have habit to commend it.

NATURAL HISTORY

They Rattle Before They Strike

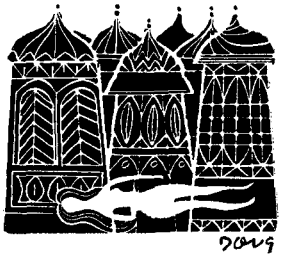
"Rattlesnakes, Their Habits, Life Histories, and Influence on Mankind," by Laurence M. Klauber *(University of California Press. 2 vols., 1476 pp. $17.50) is a well-organized compendium of all that is known about rattlesnakes, with emphasis on their impact on human culture. It is reviewed by Charles M. Bogert, curator of amphibians and reptiles, the American Museum of Natural History.*

By Charles M. Bogert

RATTLESNAKES are equipped with organs that not only enable them to know when warm-blooded animals are present, but to direct their strike with accuracy, even in total darkness. They possess a venom apparatus, with recurved tubular fangs admirably fitted for the stabbing action that drives them into their prey. The venom injected is at once a killing agent and a digestive substance. The growth of the rattle, a device for frightening away creatures that might injure the snake, is so complex that some features of it are still not fully explained. Even though they depend largely on the tongue to sample the atmosphere and convey odorous particles to end organs in the roof of the mouth, rattlesnakes possess a sense of smell that would put a bloodhound to shame.

From the viewpoint of the zoölogist, rattlers are extremely complex, delicate, and highly perfected mechanisms. It would be an oversimplification to say that they represent the ultimate perfection in reptiles or that they are the culmination of nearly 200 million years of reptilian evolution. But there is more than a grain of truth in such assertions.

Rattlesnakes, with their origin in North America, must have evolved their unique warning device long before Paleolithic man had the wit to bang two rocks together. There can



be no doubt that these snakes were widely distributed in the Americas before the first man arrived, regardless of whether he sailed across the Pacific or worked his way across Bering Straits. For at least ten thousand years, therefore, human beings have been encroaching on the lands occupied by some thirty species of rattlesnakes. Any tribe that ventured into the vast area between southern Canada and Uruguay inevitably encountered rattlers. The impact of this long association of these reptiles and man is reflected in the medicine, myth, and legend of the Indians and later in the writings of Europeans.

An incredible amount of information concerning "the rattlesnake's reaction to its environment and man's reaction to the rattlesnakes" has been assembled in "Rattlesnakes," a two-volume work by Laurence M. Klauber, who for thirty-five years has been consulting curator of reptiles at the San Diego Zoo. No question concerning rattlers that anyone ever raised is overlooked. Indeed, Klauber supplies answers to questions that could be asked only by someone who had devoted years of study to this group of reptiles. His understanding of a subject that is at once specialized and diversified is almost unbelievable. Klauber not only knows his rattlesnakes; he qualifies as an ethnologist, a physiologist, an ecologist, a student of folklore, a paleontologist, and an immunologist, to mention only a few aspects of his survey. No one in the field of medicine, for example, has ever discussed snake-bite problems with such care and competence. Ethnologists who have examined the chapter dealing with Indians and rattlesnakes find it difficult to believe that it was not prepared by an expert in their field.

This does not mean that Klauber employs the technical jargon of the specialist. On the contrary, he skilfully avoids the flossy terms cherished by the experts. His work is not a popular natural history of the rattlers, as Klauber explains, but neither is it written solely for his herpetological colleagues. Such topics as the locomotion of the sidewinder or the nature of the infra-red receptors that seemed complex in the words of other authors become almost deceptively simple as explained by Klauber.

In the hands of a less judicious or

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critical author the immense amount of information Klauber presents could have been little more than a disorganized compilation. In his book everything that is scientifically known about rattlesnakes is integrated, explained, and so meticulously arranged and indexed that it can be found in short order. As a treatise on reptiles that is both scholarly and readable it is, like the snake's rattle, unique.

Rare Birds

"On the Trail of Vanishing Birds," by Robert Porter Allen *(McGraw-Hill. 251 pp. $4.50), describes the adventures of a leading ornithologist in his efforts to save some of America's most beautiful birds from extinction. Roger Tory Peterson, our reviewer, is the author of "Birds Over America" and other books.*

By Roger Tory Peterson

The tens of thousands (if not hundreds of thousands) of white herons—American egrets and snowies—that lend a tropic touch to our marshes owe their existence very largely to the National Audubon Society. At considerable cost, which included the lives of two wardens many years ago, the forces of extinction were reversed and the birds made a rapid recovery. The egret became the symbol of the Audubon movement, and so fixed is this image in the minds of most Americans that many do not fully appreciate the breadth of the society's work which takes in not only all wild life but also land and water resources.

Even though this great conservation organization embraces broader concepts, it has always had a special concern for the herons and other long-legged waders. If the roseate spoonbill, the whooping crane, and the flamingo survive, we must thank Robert Allen, research director of the society, who has devoted nearly twenty years of his life to their study. He unquestionably knows more about these and the other long-legged birds than any other man living. It now seems quite certain that the spoonbill is on a sure footing, but the whooping crane may well have reached the point of no return (less than two dozen in 1957), while the flamingo, though still existing in thousands is so gregarious and high strung that it could quickly be exterminated by the explosive human pressures of the West Indies.

During the past eighteen years Robert Allen has spent a full three

—From the book.
"First-hand natural history."

years in the field watching the spoonbills, three more with whooping cranes, and three with flamingos—nine years which have taken him to the wildest parts of wild North America, from the Arctic Sea and the Mackenzie Delta to Yucatan and the Caribbean islands. No other field naturalist has seen so much of the twentieth-century American wilderness.

The resulting scientific monographs on the spoonbill, whooping crane, and flamingo, published by the National Audubon Society, are now in the hands of every serious ornithologist, but in these formal publications Mr. Allen's many adventures are only hinted at. In an earlier book, "The Flame Birds" (1947), he elaborated on his spoonbill quest. His new book, "On the Trail of Vanishing Birds," compresses this period into a single chapter. Much more expansive and entertaining are the parts about his pre-Audubon days and the whooping crane and flamingo years.

Mr. Allen shared his many camps with all manner of people from Copper Eskimos to Bahaman Negroes and Yucatan Indians, and we marvel at the adaptability of the man. We feel his heartbreak at disappointments, such as discovering the last Cuban flamingo colony—one year too late. We realize that even bird watching can be dangerous at times. He and his pilot were once forced by a sudden storm to fly blind through a steep walled canyon in northern Canada. These adventures are the spice, but there is also a great deal of thoughtful first-hand natural history condensed in this semi-autobiographical volume.

DULY NOTED: "The Bird Biographies of John James Audubon," edited by Alice Ford (Macmillan, $10), presents eighty of the more than 400 biographies Audubon wrote. The informed bird watcher will take most interest in the accounts of those species which have changed their status since his times and the drawings that were not included in his famous "Elephant Folio"; of the latter, the screech owl is a perfect gem. —R. T. P.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

OLD TESTAMENT AND NEW

The Bible has long been a source of titles. Nan Cooke Carpenter, of Missoula, Montana, presents a list of these (novels and plays, all of fairly recent vintage) and asks you to name the author of each, along with the book in the Bible from which each title is taken. Answers on page 37.

1. "Absalom, Absalom!" ( ) Marc Connelly
2. "A Lion Is in the Streets" ( ) William Faulkner
3. "Brother to Dragona" ( ) Waldo Frank
4. "East of Eden" ( ) Paul Green
5. "Generation of Vipers" ( ) Lillian Hellman
6. "He Sent Forth a Raven" ( ) Ernest Hemingway
7. "In Abraham's Bosom" ( ) Sidney Howard
8. "Lamb in His Bosom" ( ) Henry James
9. "More Than Conquerors" ( ) Adria Langley
10. "Not Peace but a Sword" ( ) Grace L. Hill Lutz
11. "The Bridegroom Cometh" ( ) Caroline Miller
12. "The Fruit of the Tree" ( ) Elizabeth Madox Roberts
13. "The Golden Bowl" ( ) Irwin Shaw
14. "The Green Pastures" ( ) Vincent Sheean
15. "The Little Foxes" ( ) John Steinbeck
16. "The Silver Cord" ( ) John Van Druten
17. "The Sun Also Rises" ( ) Robert Penn Warren
18. "The Trumpet Shall Sound" ( ) Edith Wharton
19. "The Voice of the Turtle" ( ) Thornton Wilder
20. "The Young Lions" ( ) Philip Wylie

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WEEKEND FUN

Hammock Reading for Sportsmen

—From "How to Watch a Baseball Game."

By AL SILVERMAN

YOU never know when a book will jolt your memory, bring to the surface a long-forgotten vignette or trivial event from out of your past. It happens all the time with heavy books like "Anthony Adverse," the memoirs of the Duchess of Windsor, and "Dianetics," but it happened to me after reading a book on baseball. The book? **"How to Watch a Baseball Game,"** by Fred Schwed, Jr. (Harper, $2.50), which, I assure you, has very little of the how-to about it.

Thanks to Mr. Schwed, I discovered —rediscovered would be more accurate—that one of my earliest brushes with baseball came not from a game but from a movie which I think was titled, "Murder at the Baseball Game." The most vivid thing I remember about that movie, now that my memory has been jogged, was not the baseball in it but how the star players, manager, reporters, bat girl (there was a girl in it somewhere) came to violent grief. They would take a hot dog handed to them by the humble vendor, Nat Pendleton, who made an unconvincing murderer, lather it with mustard that turned out to be quite lethal and then sink comatose to the sod of Yankee Stadium or wherever it was that the game was being played. It was the mustard being splashed on the roll that I remember more than anything else. Which brings me back to "How to Watch a Baseball Game."

How could a second-rate movie that was at least twenty years old come back to me via Mr. Schwed? Well, this is how it happened. The author tells how he took his six-year-old to his first baseball game. The boy, after a breathtaking squint at the green, green carpet of the Polo Grounds, squints for a while at the ball game (approximately three innings, says Mr. Schwed) and then spends the rest of the game squinting —and eating off the eternal vendors who parade the eternal aisles with their eternal and never-changing menu (minus poison mustard, I presume).

Anyway, what I'm really trying to say is (1) that a six-year-old boy usually thinks of his stomach first, then baseball; and (2) that Fred Schwed, Jr., has written the most entertaining new book on sports you are likely to get your hands on this summer season, one perfectly suited for hot-weather reading—or hot-stove league weather, too, come to think of it.

Aside from some brilliantly executed definitions (such as the one about the box score being "the pithiest form of written communication in America today") the author is not really trying to define baseball at all. Many of the things Mr. Schwed says about baseball have as much to do with life in this culture of ours, such as his chapters on crowds and the television watcher. I especially liked his claim that big-league ballplayers were no more and no less than artists. "They perform an esthetic function and they can prove it more clearly than many an abstract painter, for instance. They can perform their artistry so well that there are only four hundred of them at a given time."

IT IS a clear indication of Mr. Schwed's artistry that he can go from here into a side road to discuss how artists want to be businessmen and vice versa, and somehow get back to baseball to talk about the Black Sox scandal—all without the proverbial batting of an eyelash. But this is the kind of a book it is—a rambling yet tightly knit essay that takes baseball as its starting point and goes from there to whatever happens to be on the author's mind. Mr. Schwed has something to say and he almost always says it with grace and wit, which makes this a baseball book of unusual worth.

Like some immutable scientific law, no season is ever complete without an instructional book on golf. This summer's tome of learning comes by way of Phil Galvano, a long-time golf teacher, in a slender volume called **"Secrets of Accurate Putting and Chipping"** (Prentice-Hall, $2.95). If you can get by the gaudy look of the book, the bold, black, pretentious chapter headings (such as "central fixation") you're apt to pick up some useful tips about an important aspect of the sport. The author is an advocate of positive thinking—we must, he says, "present our minds with a complete and thorough understanding of what is to be done"—which impairs his delivery only a little. The many photos of the author in action are helpful in understanding the points he is trying to make.

"Trout Fishing and Trout Flies," by Jim Quick (Barnes, $5), is a big, comprehensive volume on a most exhilarating form of the sport. Mr. Quick tells us right off that to become a good fisherman one must have or develop: "Persistence, patience, optimism, an insatiable curiosity, the habit of observation, a willingness to experiment." After that you're on your own. One of his most interesting chapters is on trout streams. He whets the appetite for this country in a Tom Wolfe sort of way by naming such famous trout streams as the Esopus in New York, Pere Marquette in Michigan, Skokomish in Washington, Metolious in Oregon (no relation to the author of "Peyton Place"), and the Omponpanoosic in Vermont. The second part of the book on the art of fly-tying I found tiring but the experts in the field (which I am not) should be properly fascinated and informed.

A handsome volume containing a potpourri of information on outdoor life is **"Outdoor Horizons,"** edited by Lawrence M. Brings (Denison, $7.50; deluxe, $10). Included in the book are chapters on trout, pheasant, raccoon, wild geese, bass fishing, big game hunting, fly tying and the like, with each chapter written by a specialist in the field.

For the rest of the sports enthusiasts this summer, the pickings are lean unless you happen to play checkers or polo. **"America's Best Checkers,"** by Tom Wiswell and Robert L. Shuffett (David McKay, $3.50), is full of intricate diagrams of key games played by the masters. If polo is your meat there is one called austerely enough **"Polo,"** by Major John Board, an Englishman who can write and also draw horses beautifully (Barnes, $6.75). He discusses the fine points of horsemanship and goalsmanship, which polo players will find endearing. Evidently polo is still taken with some seriousness in the world because recently Aly Khan, who is reputed to be a fine polo player, was obliged to auction off a slew of Renoirs so as to get money to feed his horses. *Vive le sport!*

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Fiction

Continued from page 23

way is found murdered the jury reports an indefinite verdict.

War brings a dim-out to Britain, and the Contessa home from Sicily. Her return harries the household and further undermines the stability of her son. Fearing for her family, Mary Grace seeks an escape from the thin, cruel old woman and her destruction. But the only escape is to uncover the Contessa's past violence in the tranquil town of Prothero.

What makes this tale more than a murder mystery is Mr. Swinnerton's absorbing interest in his characters and his revelations of their motives and relationships. The story sags when it is given over, a chapter at a time, to the Grace children, but it regains tension and intensity as quickly as the focus fastens upon the principals in this uneasy household.

—Walter Havighurst.

FORGOTTEN WAR: The hero of Eugene Brown's **"The Locust Fire"** (Doubleday, $3.25) is George Lewis, a washed-out pilot flying as radio-operator in the Air Transport Command's DC-3's in China, that forgotten theatre of World War II. While highly publicized air battles were taking place over Europe and the South Pacific, an isolated and undernourished war in the sky was being fought over some of the wildest terrain in the world, from Hankow as far west as Myitkyina in Burma, and Siam as far south as the China Sea. The problems of the Air Force and of ATC in the CBI were probably unique. Enemy fighters were never as populous as they were in Europe, and nothing like the blankets of flack that covered Berlin were ever thrown up over Chinese cities. But there were formidable obstacles: the highest mountains in the world, the cruelest weather, the most unreliable maps, and almost completely unpredictable radio communications. All of these combined to make "China time" an aeronautical nightmare.

As the book opens George Lewis has put in all but a few hours' time to complete his tour of duty. Unexpectedly and brutally, the number of hours for a tour is increased to 750. This shoddy trick of fate and the embittering medical experience (the legacy of a stateside amour) which had prevented him from becoming a pilot threaten to destroy his integrity and his sanity. It is only after the war has technically ended that he is able, again almost fortuitously, to regain some sense of honor through an act of heroism dictated, as usual, by fear.

The tedium, the vague, gnawing fear of interminable hours in the dangerous air, the suspicion of, and resentment toward, the Kuomintang (shared by most American troops in China) are all very accurately recounted by Mr. Brown. Some of the descriptive passages—the almost legendary evacuation of Liuchow, for example—are as fine as any writing to come out of World War II. But the total effect is curiously anecdotal and flat. The failure of the book lies in the author's inability to link the symbol of George Lewis and his fatigued resentment with some sort of genuinely exonerating action.

China during World War II and directly thereafter was an enormously complex and tragic arena in which the forces of at least four disparate nations were in contention. It should receive much more careful study and sympathetic treatment than "The Locust Fire" provides.

—Daniel B. Dodson.

MAYHEM IN MAJORCA: There is plenty of action in Victor Canning's new novel **"The Manasco Road"** (Sloane, $3.50). Nick Thorne, an Englishman brought up in Majorca and operating as a small-time importer, contractor, and trader, finds himself committed by his partner to an impossible business deal at the same time that he discovers that his wife has been unfaithful to him. Thorne transfers his rage at his wife's action to the task of beating the unscrupulous Majorcan who is trying to keep him from unloading the salvage cargo that is the heart of the business deal. Fist fights, small-boat piracy, and politely threatening interviews with his enemy are the result of Thorne's determination to release his anger against anyone but his wife. There is rather too much strong silent nobleness between these two as they work their way toward an adult reconciliation, but the action itself is crisp and vivid, and so is the picture of Majorca.

—Thomas E. Cooney.

DULY NOTED: **"Six People and Love,"** by Stella Zilliacus (John Day, $3.50), is an international tour, obviously semi-autobiographical, on which the discovery is made that lovers cannot always conquer national parochialism. Despite the pessimistic tone, the author adroitly exploits a rich vein of human interest.

"Three Faces of Love," by Faith Baldwin (Rinehart, $3.50), tells of a maundering ten-year marriage in which the principals find unsuspected spiritual strength with which to face a crisis brought on by the stork. Miss Baldwin's sixty-sixth book proves she is still the undisputed queen of mass-produced sentimentality and stylistic slickery.

"Nightmare and Dawn," by Mark Aldanov (translated by Joel Carmichael; Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $4.50) is a novel of intrigue about an adventurer so allergic to principles that he is in the pay of both American and Russian intelligence.

He tires of his complex trade and so may readers who have come to expect more than routine melodrama from the author of such a fine book as "The Fifth Seal."

"Night of the Flood," by George Woodman (Dutton, $3.50), tells what happens when the rains came: to Louise, the forlorn artist, who finds a lover in her rescuer and to Stella, the spendthrift, who relishes all the excitement as a relief from her dull-witted husband. Mr. Woodman's pace is suspenseful, his people flesh-and-blood, his narrative frame compact.

"A Long Day in a Short Life," by Albert Maltz (International Publishers, $3.75), details the mental and environmental anguish suffered by a group of prison inmates with assorted records.

Some of the episodes are undoubtedly autobiographical, since Maltz served time as one of the "Hollywood Ten." There is sting and sharpness in his writing and characterizations, but the book's one-sided indictment of American democracy is so bitter that it must be counted as little more than propaganda. —S. P. Mansten.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. William Faulkner, II Samuel (xviii, 33; xix, 4). 2. Adria Langley, Proverbs (xxvi, 13). 3. Robert Penn Warren, Job (xxx, 29). 4. John Steinbeck, Genesis (iv, 16). 5. Philip Wylie, Matthew (iii, 7 and elsewhere). 6. Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Genesis (viii, 7). 7. Paul Green, Luke (xvi, 22). 8. Caroline Miller, II Samuel (xii, 3) or Isaiah (lx, 11). 9. Grace L. H. Lutz, Romans (viii, 37). 10. Vincent Sheean, Matthew (x, 34). 11. Waldo Frank, Matthew (xxv, 6). 12. Edith Wharton, Genesis (iii, 3). 13. Henry James, Ecclesiastes (xii, 6). 14. Marc Connelly (after Roark Bradford), Psalms (xxiii, 2). 15. Lillian Hellman, Song of Solomon (ii, 15). 16. Sidney Howard, Ecclesiastes (xii, 6). 17. Ernest Hemingway, Ecclesiastes (i, 5). 18. Thornton Wilder, I Corinthians (xv, 52). 19. John Van Druten, Song of Solomon (ii, 12). 20. Irwin Shaw, Psalms (xxxiv, 10, and elsewhere).

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World War II

Continued from page 21

modesty, salting it with much valuable psychological lore. —T. E. C.

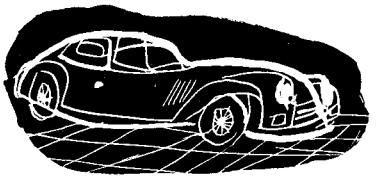
"I Remember Flores," by Tasuku Sato and Mark Tannien (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3), is a collaboration by a captain in the Japanese Navy and a Maryknoll priest.

Captain Sato was assigned as commander of the formerly Dutch island of Flores in the East Indies, where there was a strong Catholic community. Sato studied this strange religion because he needed, in his capacity as military governor, to know what he was dealing with.

With Father Tannien's aid he tells how the faith of his "subjects" gradually took hold of him and how he joined the Church. —T. E. C.

"The Ship With Two Captains," by Terrence Robertson (Dutton, $3.95), is the story of the British submarine *Seraph*, which was commissioned as a U. S. Navy ship and given an American captain and flag so as not to offend the pride of General Henri Giraud, who refused to have anything to do with the British but wished to be transported from Vichy France to North Africa.

In lively and humorous fashion Mr. Robertson tells how the *Seraph* accomplished its mission under two captains and two flags and later participated in other exploits, including the landing of General Mark Clark



and some aides to prepare for the Allied invasion of North Africa.

—T. E. C.

"Holocaust at Sea," by Fritz-Otto Busch (Rinehart, $3.50), grippingly narrates some of the examples of daring against great odds shown by the German surface navy during World War II. Among these is the *Scharnhorst's* dash from Brest to Wilhelmshaven through the English Channel, where every bit of air and sea power the British could muster was levelled against her. There are also stories of some of the *Scharnhorst's* raids against allied shipping, including the sinking of the British carrier *Glorious*. —T. E. C.

"Guerilla Surgeon," by Lindsay Rogers, M. D. (Doubleday, $3.95), is the personal account of a New Zealand surgeon's experiences with Marshall Tito's Yugoslav guerillas. His job was establishing and operating secret hospitals in the forests and training Partisan doctors and nurses. His book was written without records in the space of two weeks immediately after he left Yugoslavia in 1945; his impressions are fragmentary and related only in that they came within the ken of one man, but they bear the mark of truth which is art.

—GORDON HARRISON.

Pick of the Paperbacks

BARCHESTER TOWERS. *By Anthony Trollope. Penguin.* 85¢. This second novel in the Barsetshire series, published just a century ago, recounts the trials of Mrs. Proudie as she puffs her way through the intrigues of church politics in a Victorian cathedral city.

THE MIRACLE OF LANGUAGE. *By Charlton Laird. Premier.* 50¢ The family tree of verbal communication traced from Old Arabic to pidgin English.

TWO NOVELS OF MEXICO. *By Mariano Azuela. Translated by Lesley Byrd Simpson. University of California Press.* $1.25. The Mexican Revolution, recorded in two vignettes "The Flies" and "The Bosses," by a shrewd, jocular, and always realistic Mexican novelist who served in Villa's army.

SESSHU. *By Tanio Nakamura. English text by Elise Grilli. Tuttle.* $1.25. A lovely little book, handsomely illustrated with the simple and serene paintings of the fifteenth-century Zen Buddhist monk who is often called Japan's greatest painter.

THE LAST DAYS OF SOCRATES. *By Plato. Translated by Hugh Tredennick. Penguin.* 65¢. Plato's account of the trial, condemnation, death, and most of all the wisdom, of Socrates.

CRUCIBLES: THE STORY OF CHEMISTRY. *By Bernard Jaffe. Premier.* 35¢. The history of chemistry is related in terms of fifteen men and one woman, from fifteenth-century Trevisan to twentieth-century Oppenheimer, who contributed to its progress.

Verse

Continued from page 18

I must admit to a prejudice which may affect my judgment unduly. Since 1946 I have tended to find almost all contemporary verse unreadable: overly intellectual, remote from life and common emotional preoccupations, either tiresomely involved in such intricate self-analysis as to require scholarly exegesis, or conversely (as in Viereck's case) so preoccupied with recapturing self-consciously a classic lyricism and simplicity as to be full of bookish conceits and artful whimsy. The question whether vital poetry can be written, as most practising poets are attempting to write it today, next door to the classroom, has yet to be faced. The examples of Shapiro, Auden—and Viereck—are not reassuring.

Viereck hasn't (and never has had) the temperament or the ear for spontaneous lyricism in the vein of Herrick, Blake, Shelley, Cummings, or Thomas. Even in the tenderest passages his flights can be positively elephantine, and his metaphors—"The perfect breasts of untouched infinite farness"—vaguely abstract. In my opinion, he is ill-advised to try this sort of thing. What he can do supremely and uniquely well is the symbolic monologue on a social-political theme like "Kilroy Was Here" or, in the present instance the dialogue between Goethe and Hart Crane in the poem entitled "Decorum and Terror":

Johann, your ego never shared
or co-starred;
Your secret fear of failing makes
you boast hard.
Your classicism? What a corny
postcard,
An alp all scenic'd up and bella-
vista'd.

Don't try to act as earthy as a
coastguard;
You're not exactly hearty and
two-fisted.
Americana lures you, Hart—
resist it.
There's nothing wrong with being
tender-wristed;
Your gift is more Athenian than
Doric;
Your best songs are not ruggedly
folkloric
Nor grossly and gregariously
choric
But subtly—this I honor—esoteric

In this kind of poem, all Viereck's real gifts for satire, wit, rhyme, memorable phrase, and unorthodox critical analysis come into play.

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Books For Young People

—From "Bozy and all the Children."

EACH year a number of organizations concerned with children's reading make awards to books which they consider outstanding. The Newbery and Caldecott awards for this year were announced in the March 16 issue. Here is a summary of the other awards in the general field of children's books:

Boys' Clubs of America Junior Book Awards went to "Beaver Water," by Rutherford G. Montgomery (World); "The First Lake Dwellers," by Chester G. Osborne (Follett); "Quest of the Snow Leopard," by Roy Chapman Andrews (Viking); "The Story of Albert Schweitzer," by Jo Manton (Abelard-Schuman); and "Trail Blazer of the Seas," by Jean Lee Latham (Houghton Mifflin).

The *Carnegie Medal,* given by the Library Association of Great Britain and comparable to the Newbery Award of the Children's Library Association, was given to C. S. Lewis for "The Last Battle" (John Lane in England, Macmillan in USA).

The *Child Study Association of America* selected "The House of Sixty Fathers," by Meindert DeJong (Harper) to receive its Book Award and gave a special citation to William O. Steele for his "The Lone Hunt" (Harcourt, Brace).

The *Thomas A. Edison Foundation* gave three awards: for special excellence in portraying America's past to Samuel Eliot Morison for his "The Story of the 'Old Colony' of New Plymouth" (Knopf); for character development to Clara Ingram Judson for her "Mr. Justice Holmes" (Follett); and for the outstanding science book to Roy A. Gallant for his "Exploring the Universe" (Garden City).

The *Herald-Tribune's Spring Book Awards* for outstanding books of this spring went to "Madeline and the Bad Hat," by Ludwig Bemelmans (Viking); "Gone-Away Lake," by Elizabeth Enright (Harcourt, Brace); and "Because of Madeline," by Mary Stolz (Harper).

The *Kate Greenaway Medal,* similar to the Caldecott award and given by the Library Association of Great Britain, was presented to Edward Ardizzone for his "Tim All Alone" (Oxford).

The *William Allen White Children's Book Award* was presented to Phoebe Erickson for her "Daniel 'Coon" (Knopf).

Reviewers for this issue: Helen Fuller, Supervisor, Work With Boys and Girls, Long Beach, California, Public Library; Margaret Mahon, Children's Librarian, Greenville, South Carolina, Public Library; and Lucile W. Raley, Consultant in Library Service, Waco, Texas, Independent School District.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN,
Coordinator, Children's Services
The New York Public Library.

WHERE IS EVERYBODY? *Written and illustrated by Remy Charlip. William R. Scott.* $2.25. The author has created a new kind of easy reader. Simple words, familiar ideas, combined in a continuous pattern, build a story step by step in structure, picture by picture, word by word. The text begins with a simple statement at the bottom of a page, "Here is an empty sky." On the following page, "A bird flies up into the sky." Finally fourteen other words and pictures are added in cumulative pattern to complete the story. Teachers of reading, librarians, and parents will be eager to use this book. Beginning readers will love it.

—LUCILE W. RALEY.

THE RIVER QUEEN. *Written and illustrated by Peter Burchard. Macmillan.* $3. Small boys, particularly those who live near the water and like boats, will enjoy this story of a race between two river boats. They will identify themselves with Chip, young son of the captain, especially during the emergency when his father turns over to him the control of the wheel. The gay and colorful illustrations bring to a focal point the thread of happy anticipation that runs through the narrative. Eight-year-olds will like to read the story for themselves.

—MARGARET MAHON.

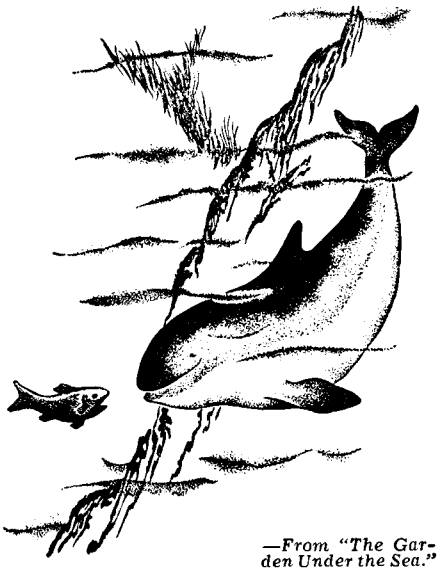
TARO'S FESTIVAL DAY. *Story and pictures by Sanae Kawaguchi. Little, Brown.* $2.50. In pleasing pictures and easy text American children can read about the daily doings of a Japanese boy which are very similar to their own activities. The high point is the preparation for and celebration of the big Festival, the special day of the year for children. Very satisfying, although it cannot compare with Taro Yashima's "Crow Boy" (Viking).

—HELEN FULLER.

GONE-AWAY LAKE. *By Elizabeth Enright. Illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush. Harcourt, Brace.* $3. Eleven-year-old Portia and her older cousin, Julian, discover a row of abandoned houses facing a swampy meadow that had once been a resort lake. When the lake had suddenly dried up long ago, the fine old houses had been closed and deserted by all the families except an eccentric brother and sister, who had returned to live as they had in their childhood. Exploring the houses, making friends with Uncle Pin and Aunt Minnehaha, saving Portia's small brother from quicksand, and building a bridge across the bog, the children enjoy a summer of adventure and fun.

Elizabeth Enright, who knows how to create real children, has again written a book close to the child's understanding, and Beth and Joe Krush have illustrated it in the spirit of a period piece. —F. L. S.

THE GARDEN UNDER THE SEA. *By George Selden. Illustrated by Garry MacKenzie. Viking.* $2.75. This clever, fanciful story centers around four sea animals —Oscar Lobster, Peter Starfish, Hector Crab, and James Fish—who, with their friends living at the bottom of Long Island Sound, are outraged by the general pilfering of the ocean floor by summer vacationers. In retaliation they set about to make a garden under the sea. Howard and Janet, who with their families live in a summer cottage on the Sound, are also in the story;



—From "The Garden Under the Sea."

"Undersea characters . . . intrigue."

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—From "Virginia Giant."
"An intimate glimpse of Lafayette."

exciting incidents involving them and the undersea characters will intrigue readers eight to twelve years old.

Carefully detailed black-and-white illustrations complement the story.
—L. W. R.

BOZY AND ALL THE CHILDREN. *Written and illustrated by Dorothy Ivens. Viking.* $2. Absurdity and fun abound in this picture story of a small town in a faraway land where more children lived than in any other place in the world, and where no grownups ever seemed to be around. Strange inventions were necessary in order to find a place for everyone to sleep, sit, and eat. One day Bozy, a large spotted friendly dog, wandered into town and then stranger things began to happen.

Even the end papers seem to bulge with children, each one distinctly different from every other one. The artist herself must have had great fun in making these pictures, so full of imagination and humor. —H. F.

MARYA. *By Marie Halun Bloch. Coward-McCann.* $2.75. Marya, a lovable, imaginative, sensitive nine-year-old Ukrainian girl will walk into the hearts of young readers, especially girls, when they read this book. The problem of how to mold her life into the American pattern is a grave one for Marya.

How this problem is solved by the ingenuity and skill of her parents, woven into a real Ukrainian celebration of Christmas, makes an excellent story. It offers a deeper understanding, too, of how America is rich as "the melting pot of the world." —L. W. R.

MAGIC BY THE LAKE. *By Edward Eager. Illustrated by N. M. Bodecker. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.95. Mr. Eager might be called a modern fairy godmother if a man can play such a role. Again he introduces us to the four children from his book "Half Magic." Mr. Smith, their stepfather, had rented a rustic lakeside cottage for the summer.

The children's adventures begin when they catch a turtle and by chance whispered the name of the cottage, "Magic by the Lake." To have three wishes granted is one thing, but to have a *lake full of* magic is quite something to reckon with. If you were a child of nine or twelve, can you imagine the ecstasy of suddenly being sixteen, dancing with a handsome youth, going for a canoe ride, and yet having all this activity invisible to the eyes of grown-ups? After providing one wild adventure after another, the lake is practically exhausted.

The illustrations fit the story perfectly. A book well suited for fifth and sixth grades, but good for reading aloud as well. —H. F.

THOSE VERNEY GIRLS. *By Gwendoline Courtney. Watts.* $2.75. Four sisters who for a long time have led unrestricted lives are suddenly faced with the problem of a stepmother. Their attempts to stage a "war to the knife," only to discover that it is not necessary, make a delightfully entertaining story. Elizabeth often reminds the reader of Jo in "Little Women," and "Owl," the vicar's son, though less dashing calls up thoughts of Laurie.

The English background gives an added charm to this story which will be enjoyed particularly by girls of twelve to fifteen. —M. M.

THE SINGING BOONES. *By Dale White. Illustrated by Dorothy Bayley Morse. Viking.* $2.75. The Boones, like so many other families, started the long journey to California lured by tales of gold and the desire to better themselves. When they reached the West, they discovered that gold was hard to find. The children, stranded in a mining town, sang for their supper one night and were delighted at the gold nuggets that were tossed to them. When this was repeated at another camp, the family realized it was easier to make a fortune by singing than by mining. So, up and down the California valley they went with their songs.

The adventures, the feeling for family, the romance, and the emphasis on something other than finding gold make this an excellent book for older boys and girls. —F. L. S.

VIRGINIA GIANT. *By Alma Power-Waters. Illustrated by Lorence F. Bjorklund. Dutton.* $3. "Are we going to let a young French nobleman like Lafayette show us how to fight?" These words of Peter Francisco to arouse the Virginia colonists reveal the character of this seven-foot giant who was wounded three times in battle during the American Revolution.

The account of his friendship with the young Lafayette gives an intimate glimpse of this nobleman and his devotion to the cause of American freedom.

The times, especially the battles, are brought to life in this vividly written story, and often call to mind incidents and atmosphere found in "Johnny Tremain," though the locale and characters are of course different. "Virginia Giant" lacks a little of the fine literary quality of that earlier book.

The excellent illustrations intensify the vividness of the text. —M. M.

TRUCKS AND TRUCKING. *Written and illustrated by Walter Buehr. Putnam.* $2.50. Walter Buehr has added this book about trucks and trucking to his repertoire of books on such commercial subjects as canals, money, harbors, and cargoes and ships of the Great Lakes.

This book may be used advantageously as an industrial reference tool, and to meet vocational interests of students in upper elementary grades and older.

Black-and-white illustrations are plentiful and strengthen the text.
—L. W. R.

DE SOTO, FINDER OF THE MISSISSIPPI. *By Ronald Syme. Illustrated by William Stobbs. Morrow.* $2.50. As usual, Mr. Syme puts an amazing number of facts into a concise and clearly written text, which has a dignity not common in a book as brief and in as large a type as this one. Grammar school teachers and their students of American history will welcome this addition to the author's other books about historical characters.

The fine illustrations imbue the reader with a feeling for the strength and fierce courage of those men of old.
—M. M.

THE ISLANDS OF HAWAII. *By Bradford Smith. Lippincott.* $2.75. Armchair travelers and real travelers, by air or by sea, will be thrilled and entertained by this well-written history and descriptive analysis of Hawaii, our Pacific Paradise. As one of the titles of the Portraits of the Nations Series, this book will be read and enjoyed by good readers of upper elementary grades and by adults. Photographs used in generous numbers throughout the text were supplied by the Hawaiian Visitors Bureau.

An index added at the end of the book is a useful reference feature.
—L. W. R.

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Shock Reaction

Continued from page 11

make a choice between prurient heliotropes and the following:

Be cheerful on the road of life,
be gay.
A smile will cost you nothing
on the way.
Be a neighbor to your neighbor
and a husband to your wife.
And smile away your troubles on
the rocky road of life.

Hallmark-clear though they may be, I submit that these lines are as utterly unintelligible as whole hothouses full of prurient heliotropes. What this poet offers, in a pastiche of clichés, is the ridiculous affirmation that the simple act of smiling while being neighborly and a good husband will counteract all the ills that flesh is heir to. The words are clear enough, but as I hope to breathe I cannot find the sentiment intelligible. To be sure, the prurient heliotropes thing is a pastiche, too. I cannot see, however, that one sort of nonsense makes any better sense than the other.

But back to the original suggestion: suppose you were given these two examples and had to decide which writer was more potentially a poet. Is it not clear that within the great deficiencies of the first, something like poetry is at work? The total is as out of kilter as the second man's foolish smiles, but what is out of kilter is at least a poetic sensibility. What is out of kilter in the second passage is not poetry at all, but an unimaged, unrhythmic, and diction-less moral sense. There is at least some self-relation, if only as paradox, in the sequence heliotrope-moon-day. Truth, presented as a child (my guess), throws a tantrum in which the tools of eating are broken and thrown away; and the next image is of the physical world crying "starvation!" The writer has not clarified the relation of the two images (lack of management again), but the fact that they are in some way related is self-evident. The writer is at least thinking in terms of his material; and though both poems are a mistake, the first is at least a poetic mistake.

I submit that to have derived even that much from a speculation on two passages of "meaningless jargon" is to have made a reasonable profit. More profit, certainly, than could have resulted from the indignant refusals of the shock reaction. What shall be the joy of the world, if not to keep its possibilities open? The praise that poetry can speak must be for the supple and the open mind.

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(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

HI-FI COMPONENTS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE CROSTIC NO. 1217

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. English jurist and philosopher, a prominent exponent of utilitarianism (1748-1832; full name).	40 89 75 99 197 56 47 115 79 87 94
	105 23
B. The unofficial camphorated soap liniment.	117 7 184 140 154 97 39 51 120
C. The character of being here and now.	21 61 186 167 153 194 143 16 135
D. Birth; beginning.	139 37 189 73 141 44 13 48
E. Shady; suspicious.	172 118 49 128 43 65 85 30 155 77
F. Alleged conspiracy, 1678, to murder English King Charles II (2 wds.).	33 191 76 109 15 121 133 63 100 20
G. Accepted conventions of what is becoming.	80 175 45 181 130 111 195 24 8
H. Adapted to excite attention and feeling.	9 58 81 102 4 162 182 145 193 104
I. Conspicuous feature of Arabian headdress worn by King Saud and others.	60 74 18 103 188 68 112 160
J. Contemporary Amer. economist from Utah (Fed. Reserve System, etc.).	165 10 180 136 90 57
K. What you ask for to get the battery filled when motoring in England (2 wds.).	107 171 69 178 138 156 84 34 126 19

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Greek god of science and invention, eloquence, trickery, etc.	55 132 66 144 166 36
M. Raise in relief.	161 185 62 127 108 190
N. Lusatian.	114 2 71 26 147 41 83
O. Converted into a secret form of language.	70 110 5 125 91 198 174
P. French swearword (4 wds.).	38 168 12 35 31 113 196 17 148
Q. Studies concerned with identification and classification of facts.	177 50 72 119 29 1 64 92
R. How to negotiate a wall (3 wds.).	82 163 151 146 176 59 42 131 27
S. Certain marks of identification worn on the sleeve (2 wds.).	78 164 25 98 6 173 150 93
T. Periods of five years.	137 11 106 54 124 101 142 32
U. Image breaking.	179 116 123 152 158 183 96 67 88 169
V. Nonplused.	149 159 46 129 170 53 187
W. Headquarters of local Democratic party in New York (2 wds.).	157 95 3 52 28 86 22 134 14 122 192

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	1 Q	2 N	3 W	4 H	■	5 O	6 S	7 B	8 G	9 H	10 J	11 T	12 P	■	13 D	14 W
15 F	16 C	■	17 P	18 I	19 K	■	20 F	21 C	22 W	■	23 A	24 G	25 S	26 N	27 R	28 W
29 Q	30 E	31 P	32 T	■	33 F	34 K	35 P	36 L	■	37 D	38 P	39 B	■	40 A	41 N	42 R
43 E	44 D	■	45 G	46 V	47 A	48 D	49 E	■	50 Q	51 B	52 W	53 V	■	54 T	55 L	56 A
■	57 J	58 H	59 R	60 I	61 C	62 M	63 F	64 Q	■	65 E	66 L	67 U	68 I	■	69 K	70 O
71 N	72 Q	73 D	74 I	75 A	76 F	77 E	■	78 S	79 A	80 G	■	81 H	82 R	83 N	84 K	85 E
86 W	87 A	■	88 U	89 A	90 J	91 O	92 Q	■	93 S	94 A	95 W	96 U	97 B	■	98 S	99 A
■	100 F	101 T	102 H	■	103 I	104 H	105 A	106 T	107 K	108 M	■	109 F	110 O	111 G	112 I	113 P
114 N	115 A	■	116 U	117 B	118 E	119 Q	■	120 B	121 F	122 W	123 U	124 T	125 O	126 K	127 M	128 E
129 V	■	130 G	131 R	132 L	■	133 F	134 W	135 C	136 J	137 T	■	138 K	139 D	■	140 B	141 D
142 T	143 C	144 L	145 H	146 R	147 N	148 P	149 V	■	150 S	151 R	152 U	153 C	154 B	■	155 E	156 K
157 W	158 U	■	159 V	160 I	161 M	■	162 H	163 R	164 S	165 J	166 L	■	167 C	168 P	169 U	170 V
171 K	172 E	173 S	174 O	175 G	176 R	■	177 Q	178 K	179 U	180 J	181 G	182 H	■	183 U	184 B	185 M
186 C	■	187 V	188 I	189 D	190 M	191 F	192 W	193 H	194 C	■	195 G	196 P	■	197 A	198 O	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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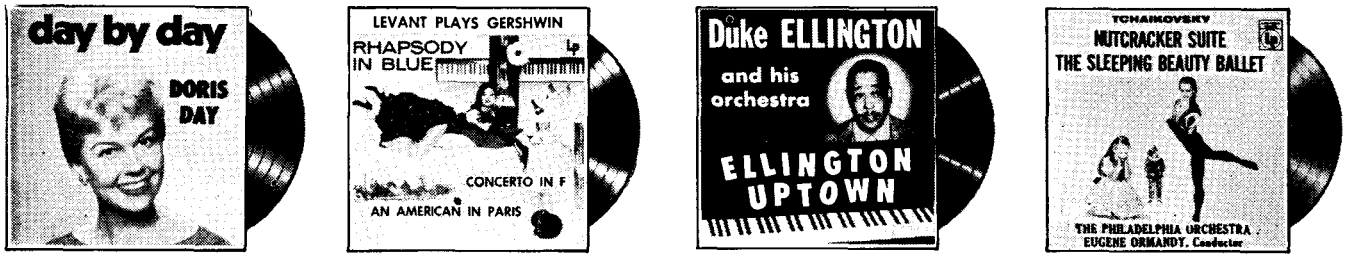

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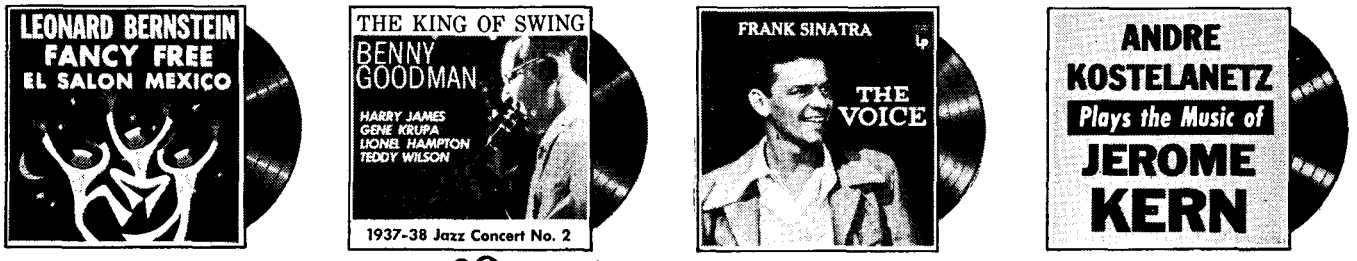

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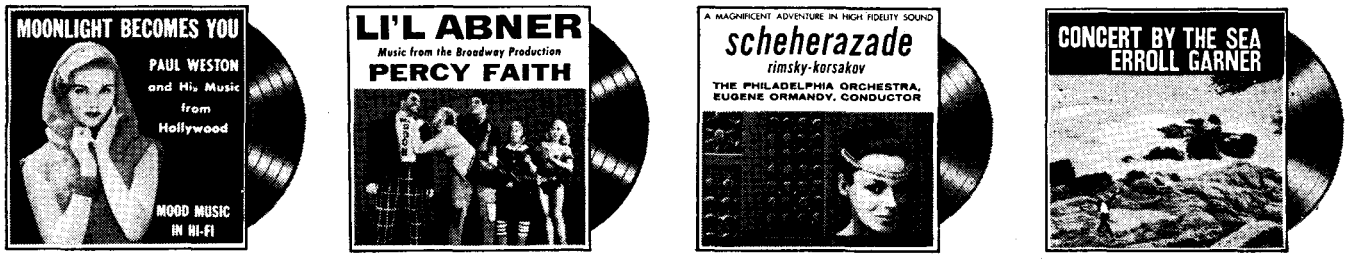

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Dealer's Address..... P-21

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2. **The Voice** Frank Sinatra in 12 songs that first made him famous — *Lover, Fools Rush In,* etc.
3. **King of Swing; Vol. I** Benny Goodman and Original Orch., Trio, Quartet. *Ridin' High, Moonglow*—9 more.
4. **Li'l Abner** Percy Faith and his Orchestra play music from this gay hit show.
5. **Bernstein: Fancy Free—Ballet Suite; Copland: El Salón México; Milhaud: La Création du Monde** Leonard Bernstein conducting the Columbia Symphony in brilliant performances of three modern works.
6. **Moonlight Becomes You** Here's mood music in Hi-Fi — Paul Weston and his Music from Hollywood. 12 songs.
7. **Ellington Uptown** Duke Ellington and Orchestra perform *Skin Deep, The Mooche, Perdido*—2 more.
8. **Levant Plays Gershwin** 3 works—*Rhapsody In Blue; Concerto in F; An American in Paris.*
9. **Day By Day** Doris Day sings 12 popular songs—including *The Song Is You, Autumn Leaves,* etc.
10. **Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade** Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy, conductor. A superb performance of this exotic score.
11. **Music of Jerome Kern** Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra play 20 Kern favorites.
12. **Concert by the Sea** Erroll Garner in an actual jazz performance at Carmel, Calif. *Teach Me Tonight, Where or When, I'll Remember April*—8 more.

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